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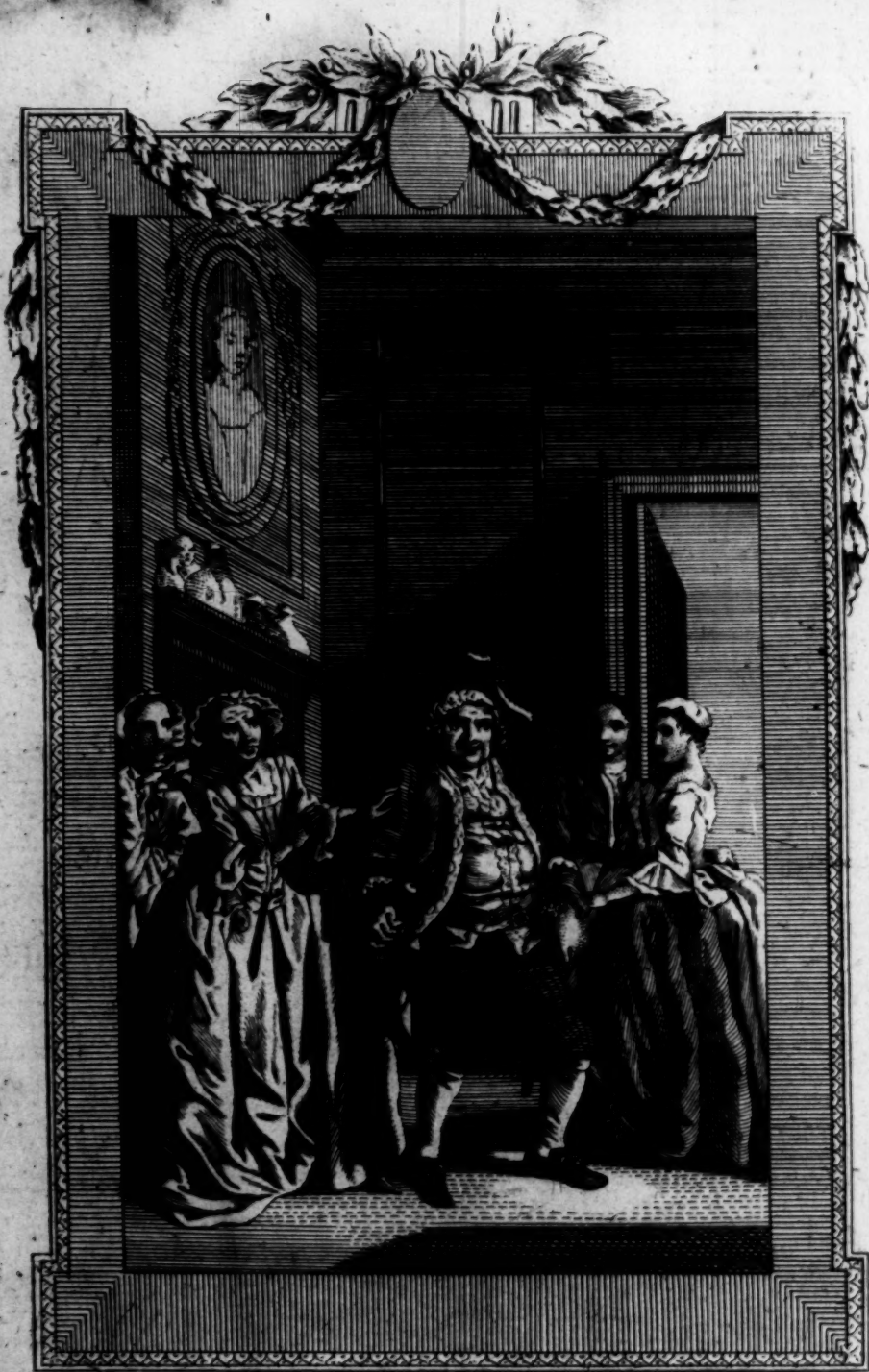
THE
WORKS
OF
MR. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

VOL. II.



Vol. II.





The Way of the World.

H. Damrell 1782 -

T H E

W O R K S

O F

Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the EDITOR, and sold by J. WENMAN, No. 144, Fleet-street,
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1785
Wm. Smith



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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

T H E
WAY of the W O R L D.

A
C O M E D Y.

Audire est Operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mæchis non vultis——— HOR. SAT. 2. l. 1.
——Metuat doti deprensa.—— Ibid.

BY
Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1776.

THE

WAY OF



A

COMEDY

And the Old Opera House, produced by
The Society of Authors
—Muntz de la Chapelle—

BY

MR. WILLIAM CONGREVE

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1796

TO
Mr. CONGREVE,

Occasioned by his

COMEDY

CALLED

The WAY of the WORLD.

WHEN pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain fight,
No sense of wit when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show;
How could, great author, your aspiring mind
Dare to write only to the few refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dress'd barbarians know his awful name;
Tho' senseless they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.
On you, from fate, a lavish portion fell
In ev'ry way of writing to excell.
Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow,
Pastora's the complaint of ev'ry swain,
Pastora still the eccho of the plain!
Or if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse;
And her own William glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life:

You

To Mr. CONGREVE.

You the great act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.
By your selected scenes, and handsome choice,
Ennobled comedy exalts her voice :
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn, what else we should admire ;
The just impression taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player,
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems :
But when your Muse assumes her tragic part,
She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry heart ;
To mourn with her men cheat their private woe,
And gen'rous pity's all the grief they know ;
The widow, who impatient of delay,
From the town-joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted, when her own ;
You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our afflictions as you please ;
Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign ;
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving pow'r employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.



R. STEELE.

To

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

R A L P H

EARL of MONTAGUE, &c.

MY LORD,

WHETHER the world will arraign me of vanity, or not, that I have presumed to dedicate this Comedy to your lordship, I am yet in doubt; though it may be it is some degree of vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the honour of your lordship's conversation, cannot be supposed to think very meanly of that which he would prefer to your perusal: yet it were to incur the imputation of too much sufficiency, to pretend to such a merit as might abide the test of your lordship's censure.

Whatever value may be wanting to this play while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become your lordship's; and it is my security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my dedication, than your lordship will dignify it by your patronage.

That it succeeded on the stage, was almost beyond my expectation; for but little of it was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audience.

Those characters which are meant to be ridiculed in most of our comedies, are of fools so gross, that in my humble opinion, they should rather disturb than divert the well-natured and reflecting part of an audience;

The DEDICATION.

dience; they are rather objects of charity than contempt; and instead of moving our mirth, they ought very often to excite our compassion.

This reflection moved me to design some characters, which should appear ridiculous not so much through a natural folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the stage) as through an affected wit; a wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some difficulty in the formation of a character of this nature, so there is some hazard which attends the progress of its success upon the stage: for many come to a play, so over-charged with criticism, that they very often let fly their censure, when through their rashness they have mistaken their aim. This I had occasion lately to observe: for this play had been acted two or three days, before some of these hasty judges could find the leisure to distinguish betwixt the character of a Witwoud and a Truewit.

I must beg your lordship's pardon for this digression from the true course of this epistle; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the occasion of it, in part of that excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this comedy to your protection. It is only by the countenance of your lordship, and the Few so qualified, that such who write with care and pains can hope to be distinguished: for the prostituted name of Poet promiscuously levels all that bear it.

Terence, the most correct writer in the world, had a Scipio and a Lelius, if not to assist him, at least to support him in his reputation: and notwithstanding his extraordinary merit, it may be, their countenance was not more than necessary.

The purity of his stile, the delicacy of his turns, and the justness of his characters, were all of their beauties, which the greater part of his audience were incapable of tasting: some of the coarsest strokes of Plautus, so severely censured by Horace, were more likely to affect the multitude; such, who come with expectation to laugh at the last act of a play, and are better entertained with two or three unseasonable jests, than with the artful solution of the fable.

As Terence excelled in his performances, so had he great advantages to encourage his undertakings; for
he

The DEDICATION.

he built most on the foundations of Menander: his plots were generally modelled, and his characters ready drawn to his hand. He copied Menander; and Menander had no less light in the formation of his characters, from the observations of Theophrastus, of whom he was a disciple; and Theophrastus it is known was not only the disciple, but the immediate successor of Aristotle, the first and greatest judge of poetry. These were great models to design by; and the further advantage which Terence possessed, towards giving his plays the due ornaments of purity of stile, and justness of manners, was not less considerable, from the freedom of conversation, which was permitted him with Lelius and Scipio, two of the greatest and most polite men of his age. And indeed, the privilege of such a conversation, is the only certain means of attaining to the perfection of dialogue.

If it has happened in any part of this comedy, that I have gained a turn of stile, or expression more correct, or at least more corrigible than in those which I have formerly written, I must, with equal pride and gratitude, ascribe it to the honour of your lordship's admitting me into your conversation, and that of a society where every body else was so well worthy of you, in your retirement last summer from the town; for it was immediately after, that this comedy was written. If I have failed in my performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior either to a Scipio or a Lelius, that there should be one wanting, equal in capacity to a Terence.

If I am not mistaken, poetry is almost the only art which has not yet laid claim to your lordship's patronage. Architecture, and painting, to the great honour of our country, have flourished under your influence and protection. In the mean time, Poetry, the eldest sister of all arts, and parent of most, seems to have resigned her birth-right, by having neglected to pay her duty to your lordship; and by permitting others of a later extraction, to prepossess that place in your esteem, to which none can pretend a better title. Poetry, in its nature, is sacred to the good and great; the relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the privilege of poetry to address to them, and it is their prerogative alone to give it protection.

This

The DEDICATION.

This received maxim is a general apology for all writers who consecrate their labours to great men: but I could wish, at this time, that this address were exempted from the common pretence of all dedications; and that as I can distinguish your lordship even among the most deserving, so this offering might become remarkable by some particular instance of respect, which should assure your lordship, that I am, with all due sense of your extreme worthiness and humanity,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most obliged humble servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.



PRO-

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF those few fools, who with ill stars are curst,
 Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst :
 For they're a sort of fools which fortune makes,
 And after she has made 'em fools, forsakes.
 With Nature's oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent case,
 For Fortune favours all her idiot-race :
 In her own nest the cuckow eggs we find,
 O'er which she broods to hatch the changling-kind.
 No portion for her own she has to spare,
 So much she doats on her adopted care.

Poets are bubbles, by the town drawn in,
 Suffer'd at first some trifling stakes to win :
 But what unequal hazards do they run !
 Each time they write they venture all they've won :
 The squire that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone. }
 This Author, heretofore, has found your favour,
 But pleads no merit from his past behaviour.
 To build on that might prove a vain presumption,
 Shou'd grants to poets made, admit presumption :
 And in Parrassus he must lose his seat,
 If that be found a forfeited estate.

He owns, with toil he wrought the following scenes,
 But if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his pains :
 Damn him the more : have no commiseration
 For dullness on mature deliberation.
 He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off scene, }
 Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,
 Who, to assert their sense, your taste arraign.
 Some plot we think he has, and some new thought ;
 Some humour too, no farce ; but that's a fault.
 Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect ;
 For so reform'd a town, who dares correct ?
 To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,
 He'll not instruct, lest it shou'd give offence.
 Shou'd he by chance a knave or fool expose,
 That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.
 In short, our play shall (with your leave to shew it)
 Give you one instance of a passive poet.
 Who to your judgments yields all resignation ;
 So save or damn, after your own discretion.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

FAINALL, in love with Mrs. } Mr. Betterton.
 MARWOOD, }
 MIRABELL, in love with Mrs. } Mr. Verbruggen.
 MILLAMANT, }
 WITWOOD, } followers of Mrs. } Mr. Bowen.
 PETULANT, } MILLAMANT, } Mr. Bowman.
 Sir WILFULL WITWOOD, half }
 brother to WITWOOD, and ne- } Mr. Underhill.
 phew to Lady WISHFORT, }
 WAITWELL, servant to MIRABELL, Mr. Bright.

W O M E N.

Lady WISHFORT, enemy to Mi- }
 RABELL, for having falsely pre- } Mrs. Leigh.
 tended love to her, }
 Mrs. MILLAMANT, a fine lady, }
 niece to Lady WISHFORT, and } Mrs. Bracegirdle.
 loves MIRABELL, }
 Mrs. MARWOOD, friend to Mr. }
 FAINALL, and likes MIRA- } Mrs. Barry.
 BELL, }
 Mrs. FAINALL, daughter to Lady }
 WISHFORT, and wife to FAIN- } Mrs. Bowman.
 ALL, formerly friend to Mi- }
 RABELL, }
 FOIBLE, woman to Lady WISH- } Mrs. Willis.
 FORT, }
 MINCING, woman to Mrs. MILL- } Mrs. Prince.
 AMANT, }

Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

The Time equal to that of the Presentation.



THE

T H E

WAY of the WORLD.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Chocolate-House.

MIRABELL and FAINALL (Rising from Cards)
BETTY waiting.

MIRABELL,

Y O U are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

FAIN. Have we done?

MIR. What you please, I'll play on to entertain you.

FAIN. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalu'd the loss of her reputation.

MIR. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

FAIN. Prithee, why so reserv'd? Something has put you out of humour.

MIR. Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day, and you are gay; that's all.

FAIN. Confess, Millamant and you quarrell'd last night, after I left you; my fair cousin^s has some hu-

mours that wou'd tempt the patience of a Stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

MIR. Witwoud and Petulant; and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in.—

FAIN. O there it is then—She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason.—What, then my wife was there?

MIR. Yes, and Mrs. Marwood, and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

FAIN. They had a mind to be rid of you.

MIR. For which reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose, and with a constrained smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened, and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

FAIN. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

MIR. She is more mistress of herself, than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

FAIN. What! tho' half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

MIR. I was then in such a humour, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

FAIN. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal-nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murder'd reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the male sex shou'd be excepted; but somebody mov'd that, to avoid scandal, there might be one man of the community; upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enroll'd members.

MIR,



MIR. And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind; and full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

FAIN. The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provok'd this separation: had you dissembled better, things might have continu'd in the state of nature.

MIR. I did as much as man cou'd, with any reasonable conscience: I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labour. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flatter'd further, unless a man should endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my virtue forbid me. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN. What shou'd provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances, which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

MIR. She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em ev'ry thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

FAIN. You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and tho' you may have cruelty enough not to satisfy a lady's longing, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

MIR. You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you than is your wife.

FAIN. Fie, fie, friend, if you grow censorious I must

must leave you ;—I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

MIR. Who are they ?

FAIN. Petulant and Witwoud——Bring me some chocolate.

MIR. Betty, what says your clock ?

BET. Turn'd of the last canonical hour, Sir,

MIR. How pertinently the jade answers me ! Ha ? almost one o'clock ! [*Looking on his watch,*] O, y'are come——

S C E N E II.

MIRABELL and FOOTMAN.

MIR. **W**ELL, is the grand affair over ? You have been something tedious.

SERV. Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up ; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our turn ; so we drove round to Duke's-Place, and there they were rivetted in a trice,

MIR. So, so, you are sure they are married.

SERV. Married and bedded, Sir : I am witness.

MIR. Have you the certificate ?

SERV. Here it is, Sir.

MIR. Has the taylor brought Waitwell's cloaths home, and the new liveries ?

SERV. Yes, Sir.

MIR. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the consummation 'till farther order ; bid Waitwell shake his ears, and Dame Partlet ruffle up her feathers, and meet me at one a clock by Rosamond's pond, that I may see her before she returns to her lady : and as you tender your ears be secret.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

FAIN. JOY of your success, Mirabell; you look pleas'd.

MIR. Ay; I have been engag'd in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

FAIN. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engag'd are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

MIR. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

FAIN. Are you jealous as often as you see Witwoud entertain'd by Millamant?

MIR. Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

FAIN. You do her wrong; for to give her her due, she has wit.

MIRA. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

FAIN. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

MIRA. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once us'd me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her failings; I study'd 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other to hate her heartily: to which end I so us'd myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary

to my design and expectation, they gave me ev'ry hour less and less disturbance; 'till in a few days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

FAIN. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

MIR. Say you so?

FAIN. I, I, I have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

SCENE IV.

[To them.] MESSENGER.

MESS. Is one Squire Witwoud here?

BET. Yes; what's your business?

MESS. I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir Wilfull, which I'm charg'd to deliver into his own hands.

BET. He's in the next room, friend—That way.

SCENE V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

MIRA. WHAT, is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

FAIN. He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

MIR. I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary person; I think you have the honour to be related to him.

FAIN. Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwoud by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must call cousins too.

MIR. I had rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

FAIN. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

MIR. For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

FAIN.

FAIN. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England, that all Europe should know we have block-heads of all ages.

MIR. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

FAIN. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up, with being overstock'd.

MIR. Pray, are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the squire, his brother, any thing related?

FAIN. Not at all; Witwoud grows by the knight, like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

MIR. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

FAIN. Sir Wilfull is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy.—But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good nature, and does not always want wit.

MIR. Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptionous; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

FAIN. If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

S C E N E VI.

[To them.] WITWOUD.

WIT. AFFORD me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall, Mirabell, pity me.

MIR. I do from my soul.

VOL. II.

C

FAIN.

FAIN. Why, what's the matter?

WIT. No letters for me, Betty?

BET. Did not a messenger bring you one but now, Sir?

WIT. Ay, but no other?

BET. No, Sir.

WIT. That's hard, that's very hard;—a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

MIR. A fool, and your brother, Witwoud!

WIT. Ay, ay, my half-brother. My half-brother he is, no nearer upon honour.

MIRA. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

WIT. Good, good, Mirabell, le drole! Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him;—Fainall, how does your lady? Gad, I say any thing in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I shou'd ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage, I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

FAIN. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

WIT. No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall. Your judgment, Mirabell?

MIR. You had better step and ask his wife, if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

WIT. Mirabell.

MIR. Ay.

WIT. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons;—Gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

MIRA. I thank you heartily, heartily.

WIT. No, but prithee excuse me—my memory is such a memory.

MIR. Have a care of such apologies, Witwoud;—for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory.

FAIN. What have you done with Petulant?

WIT.

WIT. He's reckoning his money—my money it was—I have no luck to-day.

FAIN. You may allow him to win of you at play;—for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

MIR. I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

WIT. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates—Petulant's my friend, and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering—Faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him.—And if he had any judgment in the world—he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

FAIN. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred.

WIT. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own—No more breeding than a bum-bailiff, that I grant you—'Tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

MIR. What, courage?

WIT. Hum, faith I don't know as to that—I can't say as to that.—Yes, faith, in a controversy he'll contradict any body.

MIRA. Tho' 'twere a man whom he fear'd, or a woman whom he lov'd.

WIT. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;—we have all our failings; you are too hard upon him, you are faith. Let me excuse him—I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't, if he were my brother, I cou'd not acquit him—That indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

MIR. Ay marry, what's that, Witwoud?

WIT. O pardon me—Expose the infirmities of my friend.—No, my dear, excuse me there.

FAIN. What I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

WIT. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit shou'd no more

be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

MIR. May be you think him too positive?

WIT. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

FAIN. Too illiterate,

WIT. That! that's his happiness—His want of learning gives him the more opportunities to shew his natural parts.

MIR. He wants words.

WIT. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

FAIN. He's impudent.

WIT. No, that's not it.

MIR. Vain.

WIT. No.

MIR. What, he speaks unreasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion.

WIT. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it—I mean, he never speaks truth at all—That's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

SCENE VII.

[To them.] COACHMAN.

COACH. Is Master Petulant here, mistress?

BET. Yes.

COACH. Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

FAIN. O brave Petulant, three!

BET. I'll tell him.

COACH. You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon-water.

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOOD.

WIT. **T**HAT should be for two fasting strumpets, and a bawd troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are

MIRA. You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

WIT. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

MIR. How!

WIT. You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more company here to take notice of him—Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do;—before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself—

FAIN. Call for himself! what dost thou mean?

WIT. Mean, why he wou'd slip you out of this chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to to him—As soon as your back was turn'd—whip he was gone;—then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, flap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he wou'd send in for himself, that I mean, call for himself, wait for himself; nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

MIR. I confess this is something extraordinary—I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; O I ask his pardon.

S C E N E IX.

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOOD, BETTY.

BET. SIR, the coach stays.

PET. Well, well; I come—'Sbud a man had as good be a profess'd midwife as a profess'd whoremaster, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all hours, and in all places. Pox on 'em, I won't come—D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come.—Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out.

FAIN. You are very cruel, Petulant.

PET. All's one, let it pass—I have a humour to be cruel.

MIR. I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

PET.

PET. Conditon, condition's a dry'd fig, if I am not in humour—By this hand, if they were your—a—a your what-dee-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want appetite.

MIR. What-dee-call-'ems! What are they, Witwoud?

WIT. Empreses, my dear—By your what-dee-call-'ems he means Sultana queens.

PET. Ay, Roxolana's.

MIR. Cry you mercy.

FAIN. Witwoud says they are—

PET. What does he say th'are?

WIT. I; fine ladies, I say.

PET. Pass on, Witwoud—Harkee, by this light his relations—Two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves caterwauling better than a conventicle.

WIT. Ha, ha, ha; I had a mind to see how the rogue wou'd come off—Ha, ha, ha; Gad, I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

MIR. No!

WIT. No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear Petulant.

BET. They are gone, Sir, in great anger.

PET. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

FAIN. This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

MIR. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, some time or other, Petulant, about that business.

PET. Ay, ay, let that pass—There are other throats to be cut.

MIR. Meaning mine, Sir?

PET. Not I—I mean no body—I know nothing.—But there are uncles and nephews in the world—And they may be rivals—what then? All's one for that—

MIR. How! Harkee, Petulant, come hither—explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

PET. Explain; I know nothing—Why you have an uncle,

uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady Wishfort's.

MIR. True.

PET. Why that's enough—You and he are not friends; and if he shou'd marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha?

MIR. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

PET. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

MIR. Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt, faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

PET. I, nothing I. If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug and am silent.

MIR. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets—What you're a cabalift, I know you staid at Millamant's last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle, or me? Tell me. If thou hadst but good nature equal to thy wit Petulant, Tony Witwoud, who is now thy competitor in fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he wou'd no more be seen by thee, than Mercury is by the sun: come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

PET. If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

MIR. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

PET. Well, harkee.

FAIN. Petulant and you both will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

WIT. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at Petulant is plain. And for my part—But that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should—Harkee—To tell you a secret, but let it go no further—Between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

FAIN. How!

WIT. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

FAIN. I thought you had dy'd for her.

WIT. Umh—No—

FAIN. She has wit,

WIT.

WIT. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—Now, demme, I shou'd hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

FAIN. Why do you think so?

WIT. We staid pretty late there last night; and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town—and is between him and the best part of his estate; Mirabell and he are at some distance, as my Lady Wishfort has been told; and you know she hates Mirabell worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. Millamant or not, I cannot say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embrio; and if it shou'd come to life, poor Mirabell wou'd be in some sort unfortunately fobb'd i' faith.

FAIN. 'Tis impossible Millamant shou'd hearken to it.

WIT. Faith, my dear, I can't tell, she's a woman and a kind of a humourist.

MIRA. And this is the sum of what you cou'd collect last night.

PET. The quintessence. May be Witwoud knows more, he stay'd longer—Besides, they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

MIR. I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

PET. Ay tete a tete; but not in public, because I make remarks.

MIR. You do?

PET. Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him—The fellow's well bred, he's what you call a—what-d'ye-call-'em. A fine gentleman, but he's silly withal.

MIR. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?

FAIN. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

WIT. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park, the ladies talk'd of being there.

MIR. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your brother Sir Wilfull's arrival.

WIT. No, no, he comes to his aunt's, my Lady Wishfort; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

PET,

PET. Beg him for his estate; that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble with you both.

WIT. O rare Petulant; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us; and we'll be very severe.

PET. Enough, I'm in a humour to be severe.

MIR. Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves—Let not us be accessory to your putting the ladies out of countenance, with your senseless ribaldry; which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

PET. What, what? Then let 'em either shew their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

MIR. But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance.

PET. Not I, by this hand—I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt, or ill breeding.

MIR. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

Where modesty's ill manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Mrs. FAINALL and Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mrs. FAINALL.

AY, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating, or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire

and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love, (we ought to think at least) they loath; they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. MAR. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love shou'd ever die before us; and that the man so often shou'd out-live the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. FAIN. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. MAR. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves, apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. FAIN. Bless me! how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profess a libertine.

Mrs. MAR. You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. FAIN. Never.

Mrs. MAR. You hate mankind?

Mrs. FAIN. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. MAR. Your husband?

Mrs. FAIN. Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. MAR. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. FAIN. There.

Mrs. MAR. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. FAIN. Is it possible? Dost thou hate those
vipers men?

Mrs.

Mrs. MAR. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. FAIN. There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Panthefilea.

Mrs. MAR. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion further.

Mrs. FAIN. How?

Mrs. MAR. Faith by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. FAIN. You would not make him a cuckold?

Mrs. MAR. No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. FAIN. Why had not you as good do it?

Mrs. MAR. O if he shou'd ever discover it, he wou'd then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

Mrs. FAIN. Ingenious mischief! Wou'd thou wert married to Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. Wou'd I were.

Mrs. FAIN. You change colour.

Mrs. MAR. Because I hate him.

Mrs. FAIN. So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. MAR. I never lov'd him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. FAIN. By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. MAR. O then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. FAIN. Do I? I think I am a little sick o'the sudden.

Mrs. MAR. What ails you?

Mrs. FAIN. My husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

S C E N E II.

[To them] FAINALL and MIRABELL.

Mrs. MAR. **H**A, ha, ha; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. FAIN. For you, for he has brought Mirabell with him.

FAIN. My dear.

Mrs. FAIN. My soul.

FAIN. You don't look well to-day, child.

Mrs. FAIN. D'ye think so?

MIRA. He is the only man that does, madam.

Mrs. FAIN. The only man that wou'd tell me so at least; and the only man from whom I cou'd hear it without mortification.

FAIN. O my dear, I am satisfy'd of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. FAIN. Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night: I wou'd fain hear it out.

MIRA. The persons concern'd in that affair, have yet a tolerable reputation.—I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

Mrs. FAIN. He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his wife. This way Mr. Mirabell, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

S C E N E III.

FAINALL, Mrs. MARWOOD.

FAIN. **E**Xcellent creature! Well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my wife, I shou'd be a miserable man.

Mrs. MAR. Ay!

FAIN. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all

all my hopes, and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! Nothing remains when that day comes but to sit down and weep like Alexander, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Mrs. MAR. Will you not follow 'em?

FAIN. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. MAR. Pray let us; I have a reason.

FAIN. You are not jealous?

Mrs. MAR. Of whom?

FAIN. Of Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you that I am tender of your honour?

FAIN. You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my wife and him.

Mrs. MAR. I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

FAIN. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

Mrs. MAR. It may be you are deceiv'd.

FAIN. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. MAR. What?

FAIN. That I have been deceiv'd, madam, and you are false.

Mrs. MAR. That I am false! What mean you?

FAIN. To let you know I see through all your little arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembl'd your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another have made you clash 'till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession red'ning on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

Mrs. MAR. You do me wrong.

FAIN. I do not—'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures; and take you oftner to my arms in full security. But cou'd you think, because the nodding husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

Mrs. MAR. And wherewithal can you reproach me!

FAIN. With infidelity, with loving another, with love of Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

FAIN. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible,

sensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: Your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? To deceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant?

Mrs. MAR. My obligations to my lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a friendship to her; and cou'd not see her easy nature so abus'd by that dissembler.

FAIN. What, was it conscience then? Profess'd a friendship! O the pious friendships of the female sex!

Mrs. MAR. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

FAIN. Ha, ha, ha; you are my wife's friend too.

Mrs. MAR. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, through strict fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my friendship to keep my love inviolate? And have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: and do you reflect that guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your bosom?

FAIN. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once cou'd make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate malice—I was spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

FAIN. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. MAR. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd—If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

FAIN. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. MAR. Disclose it to your wife; own what has pass'd between us.

FAIN. Eczenzy!

Mrs. MAR. By all my wrongs I'll do't—I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in

my

my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

FAIN. Your fame I have preserv'd. Your fortune has been bestow'd as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had e'er this repaid it—'Tis true—had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stol'n their marriage, my lady had been incens'd beyond all means of reconciliation: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune; which then would have descended to my wife;—and wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you?

Mrs. MAR. Deceit and frivolous pretence.

FAIN. Death, am I not married? what's pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? have I not a wife? nay a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow; and would be again a widow; but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to baffle thro' the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you yet be reconcil'd to truth and me?

Mrs. MAR. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent—I hate you, and shall for ever.

FAIN. For loving you?

Mrs. MAR. I loath the name of love after such usage; and next to the guilt with which you would asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewel.

FAIN. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. MAR. Let me go.

FAIN. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. MAR. I care not—let me go—break my hands, do—Pd leave 'em to get loose.

FAIN. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

Mrs. MAR. Well, I have deserv'd it all.

FAIN. You know I love you.

Mrs. MAR. Poor dissembling!—O that—Well, it is not yet—

FAIN. What? what is it not? what is it not yet? It is not yet too late—

Mrs. MAR. No, it is not yet too late—I have that comfort.

FAIN. It is, to love another.

Mrs. MAR.

Mrs. MAR. But not to loath, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

FAIN. Nay, this is extravagance—Come, I ask your pardon—No tears—I was to blame, I cou'd not love you and be easy in my doubts—Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends;—I'll hate my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another world, I'll marry thee—Be pacify'd. 'Sdeath they come, hide your face, your tears—You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded.

SCENE III.

MIRABELL and Mrs. FAINALL.

Mrs. FAIN. **THEY** are here yet.

MIR. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. FAIN. While I only hated my husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

MIR. O you shou'd hate with prudence.

Mrs. FAIN. Yes, for I have lov'd with indiscretion.

MIR. You shou'd have just so much disgust for your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

Mrs. FAIN. You have been the cause that I have lov'd without bounds, and wou'd you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

MIR. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? to save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produc'd that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour, have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd herself

herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

Mrs. FAIN. I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, Mirabell.

MIR. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your pow'r to ruin or advance my fortune.

Mrs. FAIN. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

MIR. Waitwell, my servant.

Mrs. FAIN. He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

MIR. Care is taken for that—She is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. FAIN. Who?

MIR. Waitwell and Foible. I wou'd not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the Fox, stand upon terms; so I made him sure beforehand.

Mrs. FAIN. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

MIR. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. FAIN. She talk'd last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

MIR. That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. FAIN. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get an husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

MIR. Yes, I think the good lady wou'd marry any thing that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler cou'd pinch out of a napkin.

VOL. II. Mrs. FAIN.

Mrs. FAIN. Female frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decay'd.

MIR. An old woman's appetite is deprav'd like that of a girl—'Tis the green-sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. FAIN. Here's your mistress.

S C E N E IV.

[To them.] Mrs. MILLAMANT, WITWOUND, MINCING.

MIR. **H**ERE she comes i'faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—Ha, no, I cry her mercy.

Mrs. FAIN. I see but one poor empty sculler, and he tows her woman after him.

MIR. You seem to be unattended, madam—You us'd to have the beau mond throng after you; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

WIT. Like moths about a candle—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

MILL. O I have deny'd myself airs to-day. I have walk'd as fast through the croud—

WIT. As a favourite just disgrac'd, and with as few followers.

MILL. Dear Mr. Witwound, truce with your similitudes; for I am as sick of 'em—

WIT. As a physician of a good air—I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

MILL. Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

WIT. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. FAIN. But dear Millamant, why were you so long?

MILL. Long! lord, have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new fashion.

WIT.

WIT. Madam, truce with your similitudes—No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

MIR. By your leave Witwoud, that were like enquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

WIT. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mrs. FAIN. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

MILL. Ay, that's true—O but then I had—Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

MINC. O mem, your laship staid to peruse a packet of letters.

MILL. O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—No body knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—They serve one to pin up one's hair.

WIT. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

MILL. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think I try'd once, Mincing?

MINC. O mem, I shall never forget it.

MILL. Ay, poor Mincing tist and tist all the morning.

MINC. 'Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem: and all to no purpose. But when your laship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as any thing, and is so pure and so crips.

WIT. Indeed, so crips?

MINC. You're such a critic, Mr. Witwoud.

MILL. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away—Now I think on't I'm angry—No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd—for I believe I gaye you some pain.

MIR. Does that please you?

MILL. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

MIR. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

MILL. O I ask your pardon for that—One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

MIR. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—And then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms—Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it: for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

MILL. O the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift—Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then if one pleases one makes more.

WIT. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

MILL. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIR. Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe too the greatest pleasures of your life.

MILL. How so?

MIR. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves prais'd; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

WIT. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

MILL. O fiction; Fainall, let us leave these men.

MIR. Draw off Witwoud. [*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*]

Mrs. FAIN Immediately; I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud.

SCENE

The WAY of the WORLD.

95

SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

MIR. I Wou'd beg a little private audience too—
You had the tyranny to deny me last night;
tho' you knew I came to impart a secret to you that
concern'd my love.

MILL. You saw I was engag'd.

MIR. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a
herd of fools; things who visit you from their exces-
sive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time,
which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can
you find delight in such society? It is impossible they
shou'd admire you, they are not capable: or if they
were, it shou'd be to you as a mortification; for sure
to please a fool is some degree of folly.

MILL. I please myself—Besides, sometimes to
converse with fools is for my health.

MIR. Your health! Is there a worse disease than
the conversation of fools?

MILL. Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for it,
next to assa-fœtida.

MIR. You are not in a course of fools?

MILL. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive
freedom—you'll displease me—I think I must re-
solve, after all, not to have you—We shan't agree.

MIR. Not in our physic it may be.

MILL. And yet our distemper, in all likelihood,
will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another.
I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis
so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be
told of one's faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't
have you Mirabell—I'm resolv'd—I think—You
may go—Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that
you cou'd help loving me?

MIR. I wou'd give something that you did not know
I cou'd not help it.

MILL. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what
do you say to me?

MIR. I say that a man may as soon make a friend
by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a wo-
man with plain-dealing and sincerity.

MILL. Sententious Mirabell! Prithee don't look
with

with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

MIR. You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

MILL. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I shou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha.—Well I won't laugh, don't be peevish—Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well Mirabell, if ever you will win me woo me now—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;—I see they are walking away.

MIR. Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment—

MILL. To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed—No.

MIR. But how you came to know it—

MILL. Without the help of the devil; you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VI.

MIRABELL *alone*.

MIR. I Have something more—Gone—Think of you! To think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquility of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a wind-mill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion not method is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct.—O here come my pair of turtles—What, billing so sweetly! Is not Valentine's day over with you yet?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

[To him] WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

MIR. Sirrah, Waitwell, why sure you think you were marry'd for your own recreation, and not for my conveniency.

WAIT. Your pardon, Sir. With submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful delights; but still with an eye to business, Sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, Sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

MIR. Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

FOIB. O lads, Sir, I'm so ashamed—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, Sir, I made as much haste as I could.

WAIT. That she did indeed, Sir. It was my fault that she did not make more.

MIR. That I believe.

FOIB. But I told my lady, as you instructed me, Sir. That I had a prospect of seeing Sir Rowland, your uncle; and that I wou'd put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet and worship the original.

MIR. Excellent Foible! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

WAIT. I think she has profited, Sir. I think so.

FOIB. You have seen madam Millamant, Sir.

MIR. Yes.

FOIB. I told her, Sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

MIR. Your diligence will merit more—In the mean time—

[Gives money.]

FOIB. O dear Sir, your humble servant.

WAIT. Spouse.

MIR. Stand off Sir, not a penny—Go on and prosper, Foible—The lease shall be made good and the farm stock'd, if we succeed.

FOIB. I don't question your generosity, Sir: and
I you

you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, Sir, I'll begone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress 'till I come.—O dear, I'm sure that [*looking out*] was Mrs. Marwood that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, Sir. B'w'y Waitwell.

S C E N E VIII.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

WAIT. SIR Rowland, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment she forgets herself.

MIR. Come, Sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself—and transform into Sir Rowland.

WAIT. Why, Sir, it will be impossible I shou'd remember myself—Marry'd, knighted, and attended all in one day! 'Tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into Waitwell. Nay, I shan't be quite the same Waitwell neither—for now I remember me, I'm marry'd, and can't be my own man again,

Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life;
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Wishfort's House.

LADY WISHFORT at her Toilet, PEG waiting.

LADY. **M**erciful, no news of Foible yet?

PEG. No, madam.

LADY. I have no more patience—If I have not fretted myself 'till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweet-heart? An errant ash-colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! Why dost thou not fetch me a little red? Didst thou not hear me, mopus?

PEG. The red ratafia does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy?

LADY. Ratafia, fool. No, fool. Not the ratafia, fool.—Grant me patience! I mean the Spanish paper, idiot—complexion, darling—paint, paint, paint—dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? Why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

PEG. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient—I cannot come at the paint, madam, Mrs. Foible has lock'd it up, and carry'd the key with her.

LADY. A pox take you both—Fetch me the cherry-brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady WISHFORT:

I'M as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmisick the curate's wife, that's always breeding—Wench, come, come, wench; what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

S C E N E III.

Lady WISHFORT, PEG with a Bottle and China Cup.

PEG. **M** Adam, I was looking for a cup.

LADY. A cup, save thee, and what a cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? Why didst thou not bring thy thimble? Hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.—So—again. See who that is—*[One knocks.]* Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table—What, wou'dst thou go with the bottle in thy hand like a tapster. As I'm a person, this wench has liv'd in an inn upon the road, before she came to me, like Maritornes, the Asturian, in Don Quixote. No Foible yet?

PEG. No madam, Mrs. Marwood.

LADY. O Marwood, let her come in. Come in good Marwood.

S C E N E IV.

[To them.] Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mrs. MAR. **I**'M surpriz'd to find your ladyship in dishabille at this time of day.

LADY. Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. MAR. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd through the Park, in conference with Mirabell.

LADY. With Mirabell! You call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh, my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. MAR. O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. Foible's integrity.

LADY. O, he carries poison in his tongue, that wou'd corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an
oppor-

opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom—You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—There are books over the chimney—Quarles and Pryn, and the Short View of the Stage, with Bunyan's Works, to entertain you.—Go, you thing, and send her in. [To PEG.

S C E N E V.

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

LADY. O Foible, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

FOIB. Madam, I have seen the party.

LADY. But what hast thou done?

FOIB. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a man so enamour'd—so transported!—Well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—Poor Sir Rowland, I say.

LADY. The miniature has been counted like—But hast thou not betray'd me, Foible? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell?—What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

FOIB. So, the devil has been before-hand with me, what shall I say?—Alas, madam, cou'd I help it, if I met that confident thing? Was I in fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I cou'd have borne: but he had a fling at your ladyship too; and then I cou'd not hold: but i'faith I gave him his own.

LADY. Me! What did the filthy fellow say?

FOIB. O madam; 'tis a shame to say what he said—With his taunts and his fleers, tossing up his nose—Humph (says he) what you are hatching some plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant—half pay is but thin subsistence (says he)—Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see (says he)

what she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and—

LADY. Ods my life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poison'd in his wine. I'll send for Robin from Locket's—immediately.

FOIB. Poison him! Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir Rowland, and get him disinherited. O you wou'd bless yourself, to hear what he said.

LADY. A villain, superannuated!

FOIB. Humph (says he) I hear you are laying designs against me too (says he) and Mrs. Millamant is to marry my uncle; (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old frippery too (says he) I'll handle you—

LADY. Audacious villain! handle me! wou'd he durst—Frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be marry'd to-morrow—I'll be contracted to-night.

FOIB. The sooner the better, madam.

LADY. Will Sir Rowland be here, say'st thou? when, Foible?

FOIB. Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knight-hood, with that impatience in which Sir Rowland burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

LADY. Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags: a tatterdemallion—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a Long-Lane penthouse, or a gibbet-thief. A slander-mouth'd railer: I warrant the spendthrift prodigal's in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll spoil his credit with his taylor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

FOIB. He! I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate first, and angle into Black-Fryars for brags farthings, with an old mitten.

LADY. Ay dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear

FOIBLE. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive Sir Rowland with any œconomy of face. This wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decay'd. Look Foible.

FOIB. Your ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed madam. There are some cracks discernable in the white varnish.

LADY. Let me see the glass—Cracks, say'st thou? Why I am arrantly flea'd—I look like an old peel'd wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before Sir Rowland comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

FOIB. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must fit for you, madam.

LADY. But art thou sure Sir Rowland will not fail to come? Or will he not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, Foible, and push? For if he shou'd not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy neither.—I won't give him despair—But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

FOIB. A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

LADY. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best—A sort of a dyingness—You see that picture has a sort of—Ha Foible? A swimmingness in the eyes—Yes, I'll look so—My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be remov'd—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpriz'd. I'll be taken by surprize.

FOIB. By storm, madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk man.

LADY. Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I shall save decorums if Sir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension of offending against decorums. O I'm glad he's a brisk man. Let my things be remov'd, good Foible.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. FAIN. O Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I shou'd come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the Park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

FOIB. Discover what, madam?

Mrs. FAIN. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning marry'd, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

FOIB. O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell, might have hinder'd his communicating this secret.

Mrs. FAIN. Dear Foible, forget that.

FOIB. O dear madam, Mr. Mirabell is such a sweet winning gentleman—But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity.—Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success, Mrs. Marwood had told my lady; but I warrant I manag'd myself. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. Mirabell rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to-night, she says;—I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welch maiden-head.

Mrs. FAIN. O rare Foible!

FOIB. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him—besides, I believe madam Marwood watches me.—She has a month's mind; but I know Mr. Mirabell can't abide her.—[Calls] John—

remove

remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. FAIN. I'll go with you up the back stairs, lest I shou'd meet her.

S C E N E VII.

Mrs. MARWOOD alone.

Mrs. MAR. **I**NDEED, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the pass-par-toute, a very master-key to every body's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant; to procure for him! A pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. Fainall, you have met with your match.—O man, man! woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, a driveler with a bib and bells. Man shou'd have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! madam Marwood has a month's mind, but he can't abide her—'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair; without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity—he has not oblig'd me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chymist upon the day of projection.

S C E N E VIII.

[To her] Lady WISHFORT.

LADY. **O** Dear Marwood, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness—But my dear friend is all goodness.

Mrs. MAR.

44 The WAY of the WORLD.

Mrs. MAR. No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

LADY. As I'm a person I am in a very chaos to think I shou'd so forget myself—But I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do—*[Calks]*—Foible—I expect my nephew Sir Wilfull ev'ry moment too :—Why Foible—He means to travel for improvement.

Mrs. MAR. Methinks Sir Wilfull shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

LADY. O he's in less danger of being spoil'd by his travels—I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd discretion to chuse for himself.

Mrs. MAR. Methinks Mrs. Millamant and he wou'd make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

LADY. I promise you I have thought on't—And since tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word I'll propose it.

S C E N E IX.

[To them] FOIBLE.

LADY. COME, come Foible—I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner—I must make haste.

FOIB. Mr. Witwoud and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

LADY. O dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear Marwood shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

S C E N E X.

Mrs. MARWOOD, Mrs. MILLAMANT, MINCING.

MILL. SURE never any thing was so unbred as that odious man.—Marwood, your servant.

Mrs. MAR.

Mrs. MAR. You have a colour, what's the matter?

MILL. That horrid fellow Petulant, has provok'd me into a flame—I have broke my fan—Mincing, lend me yours;—is not all the powder out of my hair?

Mrs. MAR. No. What has he done?

MILL. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry thing that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwoud and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

MINC. I vow mem, I thought once they wou'd have fitt.

MILL. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing I swear, that one has not the liberty of chusing one's acquaintance as one does one's cloaths.

Mrs. MAR. If we had that liberty, we shou'd be as weary of one set of acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one suit, tho' never so fine. A fool and a doily stuff wou'd now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

MILL. I could consent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike; but fools never wear out—They are such drap-de-berry things! Without one cou'd give 'em to one's chamber-maid after a day or two.

Mrs. MAR. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking habit, after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you'd but appear barefac'd now, and own Mirabell, you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwoud, as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it: the secret is grown too big for the pretence: 'tis like Mrs. Primly's great belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it, than my lady Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

MILL. I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast; Mincing, tell the men they may come up. My aunt

is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice.

S C E N E XI.

MILLAMANT, MARWOOD.

MILL. **T**HE town has found it! What has it found? That Mirabell loves me is no more a secret, than it is a secret that you discover'd it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discover'd it is a secret.

Mrs. MAR. You are nettl'd.

MILL. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. MAR. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan, if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

MILL. O silly! Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! his constancy to me has quite destroy'd his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy—If I had the vanity to think he wou'd obey me, I wou'd command him to shew more gallantry—'Tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha. Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. MAR. What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and deliver'd with so significant gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscary.

MILL. Ha? Dear creature, I ask your pardon—I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. MAR. Mr. Mirabell and you both may think it a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you——

MILL. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. MAR. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

MILL. O madam, why so do I—And yet the creature loves me, ha, ha, ha. How can one forbear laughing to think of it—I am a sybil if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer—and within a year or two as young.—If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake

take you—But that cannot be—Well, that thought makes me melancholic—Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. MAR. Your merry note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

MILL. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

S C E N E XII.

[To them] MINCING.

MINC. THE gentlemen stay but to comb, madam, and will wait on you.

MILL. Desire Mrs.—that is in the next room, to sing the song I wou'd have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam—Not that there's any great matter in it—But 'tis agreeable to my humour.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

Love's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A sickly flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy
Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain,
For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes:
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

S C E N E XIII.

[To them] PETULANT, WITWOUND.

MILL. I S your animosity compos'd, gentlemen?

WIT. Raillery, raillery, madam, we have no animosity—We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity—The falling out of wits is like the falling out of lovers—We agree in the main, like treble and bass. Ha, Petulant!

PET. Ay in the main—But when I have a humour to contradict—

WIT. Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battle-dores; for contradictions beget one another like Jews.

PET. If he says black's black—If I have a humour to say 'tis blue—Let that pass—All's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

WIT. Not positively must—But it may—it may.

PET. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

WIT. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

Mrs. MAR. I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

PET. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

WIT. Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

PET. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. MAR. That's a sign indeed 'tis no enemy to you.

PET. No, no, it's no enemy to any body, but them that have it.

MILL. Well, an illiterate man's my aversion, I wonder at the impudence of any illiterate man, to offer to make love.

WIT. That I confess I wonder at too.

MILL. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

PET.

PET. Why should a man be any further from being marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The ordinary's paid for setting the Psalm, and the parish-priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book—So all's one for that.

MILL. D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone.

S C E N E XIV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOOD in a riding-dress, Mrs. MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOOD, FOOTMAN.

WIT. IN the name of Bartlemew and his fair, what have we here?

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WIT. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the revolution.

FOOT. Sir my lady's dressing. Here's company, if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir WIL. Dressing! What, it's but morning here I warrant with you in London; we shou'd count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in Shropshire—Why then belike my aunt han't din'd yet—Ha, friend?

FOOT. Your aunt, Sir?

Sir WIL. My aunt, Sir, yes my aunt, Sir, and your lady, Sir; your lady is my aunt, Sir—Why, what dost thou not know me, friend? Why then send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy lady, fellow, ha?

FOOT. A week, Sir; longer than any body in the house, except my lady's woman.

Sir WIL. Why then belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou see'st her, ha, friend?

FOOT. Why truly Sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir WIL. Well, prithee try what thou can'st do; if thou can'st not guess, enquire her out, do'st hear, fellow? And tell her, her nephew, Sir Wilful Witwoud, is in the house.

FOOT.

50 The WAY of the WORLD.

Foot. I shall, Sir.

Sir WIL. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear, prithee who are these gallants?

Foot. Really, Sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

S C E N E XV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD,
Mrs. MARWOOD.

Sir WIL. ONS this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a' knows his own name.

Mrs. MAR. Mr. Witwoud, your brother is not behind hand in forgetfulness—I fancy he has forgot you too.

WIT. I hope so—The devil take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir WIL. Save you gentlemen and lady.

Mrs. MAR. For shame, Mr. Witwoud; why won't you speak to him?—And you, Sir,

WIT. Petulant, speak.

PET. And you, Sir.

Sir WIL. No offence, I hope. [*Salutes Marwood.*]

Mrs. MAR. No sure, Sir.

WIT. This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! Ha, ha, ha; to him, to him, Petulant, smoke him.

PET. It seems as if you had come a journey, Sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*]

Sir WIL. Very likely, Sir, that it may seem so.

PET. No offence, I hope, Sir.

WIT. Smoke the boots, the boots; Petulant, the boots; ha, ha, ha.

Sir WIL. May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

PET. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

Sir WIL. Why, 'tis like you may Sir: if you are not satisfy'd with the information of my boots, Sir, if you will step to the stable, you may enquire further of my horse, Sir.

PET. Your horse, Sir! Your horse is an ass, Sir!

Sir WIL. Do you speak by way of offence, Sir?

Mrs. MAR,

Mrs. MAR. The gentleman's merry, that's all, Sir—S'life, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and an ass, before they find one another out. You must not take any thing amiss from your friends, Sir. You are among your friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not mistaken, you are Sir Wilfull Witwoud.

Sir WIL. Right, lady; I am Sir Wilfull Witwoud, so I write myself; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the Lady Wishfort of this mansion.

Mrs. MAR. Don't you know this gentleman, Sir?

Sir WIL. Hum! what, sure 'tis not—Yea by'r lady, but 'tis—'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no—Yea but 'tis, by the Rekin. Brother Antony! What Tony, i'faith! What do'st thou not know me? by'r lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravated, and so bepperriwig'd—'Sheart why do'st not speak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

WIT. Odso brother, is it you? Your servant, brother.

Sir WIL. Your servant! why yours, Sir. Your servant again—'Sheart, and your friend and servant to that—And a—(puff) and a flap dragon for your service, Sir; and a hare's foot, and a hare's scut for your service, Sir; an you be so cold and so courtly!

WIT. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much offence.—A pox, is this your inns o'court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

WIT. Why, brother Wilfull of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a call of serjeants—'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir WIL. The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this—By'r lady I conjectur'd you were a fop, since you began to change the stile of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this when you left off honour'd brother; and hoping you are in good health, and so forth—To begin with a rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's

night's debauch—O'ds heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a whore and a bottle, and so conclude—You cou'd write news before you were out of your time, when you liv'd with honest Pimple-Nose the attorney of Furnival's inn—You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your friends round the Rekin. We could have Gazettes then, and Dawks's letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late days.

PET. 'Slife, Witwoud, were you ever an attorney's clerk? Of the family of the Furnivals. Ha, ha, ha!

WIT. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that man to come to London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'prentice to a felt-maker in Shrewsbury; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your time, and now you may set up for yourself.

Mrs. MAR. You intend to travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

SIR WIL. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

PET. And the wind serve.

SIR WIL. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask licence of you, Sir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, Sir; 'tis like my annt may have told you, madam—Yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace holds, whereby that is taxes abate.

Mrs. MAR. I thought you had designed for France at all adventures.

SIR WIL. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution—because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French, as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. MAR.

Mrs. MAR. Here's an academy in town for that use.

Sir WIL. There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. MAR. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

WIT. Yes, refin'd like a Dutch skipper from a whale-fishing.

S C E N E XVI.

[To them] Lady WISHFORT and FAINALL.

LADY. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir WIL. Aunt, your servant.

FAIN. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

Sir WIL. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

LADY. Cousin Witwoud, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant—Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

Sir WIL. I'm very well I thank you aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid you wou'd have been in the fashion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony, belike, I mayn't call him brother, for fear of offence.

LADY. O he's a rallier, nephew—My cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to chuse. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better.

[Fain. and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.]

Sir WIL. Why then let him hold his tongue in the mean time; and rail when that day comes.

S C E N E XVII.

[To them] MINCING.

MINC. MEM, I come to acquaint your lanship that dinner is impatient.

Sir. WIL. Impatient? Why then belke it won't stay 'till I pull off my boots. Sweet-heart can you help

help me to a pair of slippers?—My man's with his horses, I warrant.

LADY. Fie, fie, nephew, you wou'd not pull off your boots here—Go down into the hall—Dinner shall stay for you—My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam,—Gentlemen will you walk? Marwood?

Mrs. MAR. I'll follow you, madam—before Sir Wilfull is ready.

S C E N E XVIII.

MARWOOD, FAINALL.

FAIN. **W**HY then Foible's a bawd, an errant, rank, match-making bawd. And I it seems am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife,—all in the Way of the World. 'Sdeath, to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embrio? Sure I was born with budding antlers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child. 'Sdeath, to be out-witted, to be out-jilted—out-matrimony'd,—If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat,—but to crawl after, with my horns like a snail, and be out-stripp'd by my wife—'tis scurvy wedlock.

Mrs. MAR. Then shake it off, you have often wish'd for an opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But first prevent their plot,—the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to Mirabell.

FAIN. Damn him, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery—That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my horns, by that increase of fortune, I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with gold, though my forehead had been furnish'd like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

Mrs. MAR. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her game, before she was marry'd.

FAIN. Hum! That may be.

Mrs. MAR. You married her to keep you; and if you can strive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

FAIN.

FAIN. The means, the means.

Mrs. MAR. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her——My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enrag'd beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune, and all at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she shou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

FAIN. Faith this has an appearance.

Mrs. MAR. I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between Millamant and Sir Wilfull, that may be an obstacle.

FAIN. O for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that—he will drink like a Dane; after dinner I'll set his hand in.

Mrs. MAR. Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

FAIN. Why faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me see—I am marry'd already; so that's over—My wife has plaid the jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her, I am and shall be—No, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation,—as to my own, I marry'd not for it; so that's out of the question.—And as to my part in my wife's—why she had parted with her's before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. MAR. Besides, you forget, marriage is honourable.

FAIN. Hum! Faith and that's well thought on; marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a root?

Mrs. MAR. Nay I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

FAIN. So, so, why this point's clear.—Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. MAR. I will contrive a letter which shall be deliver'd to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I wou'd not have Foible provok'd if I could help it,—because you know she knows some passages—Nay I expect all will come out—But let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

FAIN. If the worst come to the worst,—I'll turn my wife to grass—I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate; which I wheadl'd out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. MAR. I hope you are convinc'd that I hate Mirabell now: you'll be no more jealous?

FAIN. Jealous, no,—by this kiss—let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition; and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

All husbands must, or pain, or shame, endure;
The wife too jealous are, fools too secure.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Lady WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

LADY.

IS Sir Rowland coming say'st thou, Foible? and are things in order?

FOIB. Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and plac'd the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

LADY. Have you pullvill'd the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable, when Sir Rowland comes by?

FOIB. Yes, madam.

LADY. And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertain'd in all points with correspondence to his passion?

FOIB. All is ready, madam.

LADY. And—well—and how do I look, Foible?

FOIB. Most killing well, madam.

LADY. Well, and how shall I receive him? In what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him—No that will be too sudden. I'll lye—ay, I'll lye down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room, there's a couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow; with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—Yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surpriz'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion—It shews the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a coach.

FOIB.

FOIB. 'Tis he, madam.

LADY. O dear, has my nephew made his addressee to Millamant? I order'd him.

FOIB. Sir Wilfull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

LADY. Ods my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—When they are together, then come to me Foible, that I may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland.

S C E N E II.

Mrs. MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

FOIB. **M**ADAM, I stay'd here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir Wilfull together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

MILL. No—What wou'd the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuse myself—bid him come another time.

There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curs'd,

[Repeating and walking about,

That's hard!]

Mrs. FAIN. You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

MILL. He? ay, and filthy verses—So I am.

FOIB. Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

MILL. Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away—or send him hither—just as you will, dear Foible.—I think I'll see him—Shall I? Ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspir'd train. *[Repeating.*
Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull—Thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art marry'd and hast patience—I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. FAIN. I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own,

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

[To them.] Sir WILFULL.

Mrs. FAIN. O Sir Wilfull; you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation, pursue your point, now or never.

Sir WIL. Yes; my aunt will have it so—I would gladly have been encourag'd with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I'm acquainted; [*This while Milla, walks about repeating to herself.*—But I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is upon further acquaintance—So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave—If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company—

Mrs. FAIN. O fie, Sir Wilfull! What, you must not be daunted.

Sir WIL. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that—for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient 'till further acquaintance, that's all—your servant.

Mrs. FAIN. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

S C E N E IV.

Sir WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

Sir WIL. NAY, nay cousin—I have forgot my gloves—What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the door indeed, I think—Nay, cousin Fainall, open the door—Pshaw, what a vixen-trick is this?—Nay, now a'has seen me too—Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were—I think this door's enchanted—

MILL. [*repeating.*]

I prithee spare me, gentle boy,

Press me no more for that sly toy.

Sir WIL. Anan? Cousin, your servant

MILL.—That foolish trifle of a heart

—Sir Wilfull!

Sir WIL. Yes—your servant. No offence I hope, cousin.

MILL. [*repeating.*]

I swear it will not do it's part,

Tho' thou dost thine, employ't thy power and art.

Natural, easy Suckling!

Sir WIL. Anan? Suckling? No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank heav'n I'm no minor.

MILL. Ah rustic, ruder than Gothic.

Sir WIL. Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain English.

MILL. Have you any business with me, Sir Wilfull?

Sir WIL. Not at present, cousin—Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have fought a walk with you.

MILL. A walk! what then?

Sir WIL. Nay nothing—only for the walk's sake, that's all—

MILL. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion, I loath the country and every thing that relates to it.

Sir WIL. Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, tis like you may—Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confests'd indeed.—

MILL. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the town too.

Sir WIL. Dear heart, that's much—Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country—'Tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

MILL. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may.—You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir WIL. Not at present, cousin.—'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess—How ever that's as time shall try—But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

MILL. If it is of no great importance, Sir Wilfull, you

you will oblige me to leave me : I have just now a little business.

Sir WIL. Enough, enough, cousin : yes, yes, all a case—When you're dispos'd, when you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time ; and another time as well as now. All's one for that—Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste ; it will keep cold as they say—Cousin, your servant. I think this door's lock'd.

MILL. You may go this way, Sir.

Sir WIL. Your servant, then with your leave I'll return to my company.

MILL. Ay, ay ; ha, ha, ha.

Like Phoebus sung the no less am'rous boy.

S C E N E V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

MIR.—**L**IKE Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious ? Or is this pretty artifice contriv'd, to signify that here the chace must end, and my pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further ?

MILL. Vanity ! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the last moment, tho' I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay and afterwards.

MIR. What, after the last ?

MILL. O, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious ease ; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIR. But do not you know, that when favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure.

MILL. It may be in things of common application ; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover, that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independant on the bounty of his mistress. There is no so impudent

dent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband, has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIR. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other 'till after grace?

MILL. Ah don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye douceurs, ye someils du matin, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively Mirabell, I'll lye a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

MIR. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

MILL. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm marry'd; positively I won't be call'd names.

MIR. Names!

MILL. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—Good Mirabell don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kifs before folks, like my lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hide-park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and asham'd of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

MIR. Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MILL. Trifles—As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and chuse conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they

they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, where-ever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIR. Your bill of fare is something advanc'd in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—That when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarg'd into a husband.

MILL. You have free leave, propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIR. I thank you. Imprimis then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex; no the friend to skreen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop—scrambling to the play in a mask—then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

MILL. Detestable imprimis! I go to the play in a mask!

MIR. Item, I article, that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oil-skins and I know not what—hog's bones, hare's gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlowoman in what-d'ye-call it court. Item, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and penny-wort's of muslin, china, fans, atlasses, &c.—Item, when you shall be breeding—

MILL. Ah! name it not.

MIR. Which may be presum'd, with a blessing on our endeavours—

MILL. Odious endeavours !

MIR. I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, 'till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf ; and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit—but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province ; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authoriz'd tea-table talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railling at absent friends, and so forth—But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows ; for prevention of which, I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all anniseed, cinamon, citron and Barbado's waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary. But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow. These proviso's admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MILL. O horrid proviso's ! filthy strong waters ! I toast fellows, odious men ! I hate your odious proviso's.

MIR. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract ? and here comes one to be witness to the sealing of the deed.

S C E N E VI.

[To them.] Mrs. FAINALL.

MILL. FAINALL, what shall I do ? shall I have him ? I think I must have him.

Mrs. FAIN. Ay, ay, take him, take him, what shou'd you do ?

MILL. Well then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright—Fainall, I shall never say it—Well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. FAIN. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms : for I am sure you have a mind to him.

MILL. Are you ? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—Well, you ridiculous

ious thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—Here kiss my hand tho'—So, hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. FAIN. Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience;—you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and in my conscience if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to Sir Rowland; who, as Foible tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your extasies for another occasion, and slip down the back stairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

MILL. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I suppose you have said something to please me.

MIR. I am all obedience.

S C E N E VII.

MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL

Mrs. FAIN. YONDER Sir Wilfull's drunk; and so noisy that my mother has been forc'd to leave Sir Rowland to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking—What they may have done by this time I know not; but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

MILL. Well, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing;—for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. FAIN. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you.—If you doubt him, you had best take up with Sir Wilfull.

MILL. How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

S C E N E VIII.

[To them.] WITWOUND from drinking.

Mrs. FAIN. SO, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em?

WIT. Left 'em? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten christnings—I am tipsy with laughing—

—If I had staid any longer I should have burst—I must have been let out and piec'd in the sides like an unfiz'd camlet—Yes, yes, the fray is compos'd; my lady came in like a noli prosequi, and stopt the proceedings.

MILL. What was the dispute?

WIT. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting apples.

S C E N E IX.

[To them] PETULANT drunk.

WIT. **N**OW Petulant? all's over, all's well? Gad my head begins to whim it about—Why dost thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

PET. Look you, Mrs. Millamant—if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off—that's all.

WIT. Thou hast utter'd volumes, folios, in less than decimo sexto, my dear Lacedemonian. Sirrah, Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words.

PET. Witwoud—you are an annihilator of sense.

WIT. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-hand.

PET. Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and Baldwin yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest—A gemini of asses split, would make just four of you.

WIT. Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

PET. Stand off—I'll kiss no more males—I have kiss'd your twin yonder in a humour of reconciliation, 'till he (*biccup*) rises upon my stomach like a raddish.

MILL. Eh! filthy creature—what was the quarrel?

PET. There was no quarrel—there might have been a quarrel.

WIT. If there had been words enow between 'em to have express'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

PET.

PET. You were the quarrel.

MILL. Me!

PET. If I have a humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises—If you are not handsome, what then, if I have a humour to prove it?—If I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

WIT. Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge—And hear me, if thou can't learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

PET. Carry your mistress's monkey a spider—go flea dogs, and read romances—I'll go to-bed to my maid.

Mrs. FAIN. He's horribly drunk—How came you all in this pickle?

WIT. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight—Your husband's advice; but he sneak'd off.

S C E N E X.

Sir WILFULL drunk, Lady WISHFORT, WITWOUND,
MILLAMANT, Mrs. FAINALL.

LADY. **O**UT upon't, out upon't, at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate.

Sir WIL. No offence, aunt.

LADY. Offence! As I'm a person I'm ashamed of you—Fogh! how you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio! you're an absolute Borachio!

Sir WIL. Borachio!

LADY. At a time when you shou'd commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost—

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, an you grudge me your liquor, make a bill—Give me more drink, and take my purse.

[Sings.] Prithee fill me the glass
 'Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
 He that whines for a lass
 Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not it's fellow.

But

But if you wou'd have me marry my cousin—say the word, and I'll do't—Wilfull will do't, that's the word—Wilfull will do't, that's my crest—my motto I have forgot.

LADY. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin—but 'tis with drinking your health—O' my word you are oblig'd to him—

Sir WIL. In vino veritas, aunt:—If I drunk your health to-day, cousin—I am a Borachio. But if you have a mind to be marry'd, say the word, and send for the piper, Wilfull will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round—Tony, ods-heart where's Tony—Tony's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

Sings.] We'll drink and well never ha' done boys
Put the glass then around with the sun boys,
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your Antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your Antipodes—your Antipodes are a good rascally sort of topsy turvy fellows—If I had a bumper I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em—A match or no match, cousin, with the hard name—Aunt, Wilfull will do't. If she has her maidenhead let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the nine months end.

MILL. Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer—Sir Wilfull grows very powerful, egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin.

S C E N E XI.

Lady WISFORT, Sir WILFULL WITWOUND, Mr. WITWOUND, FOIBLE.

LADY. SMELLS! he would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth-a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough,
to

to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks—for thou art not fit to live in a Christian common-wealth, thou beastly Pagan.

Sir WIL. Turks, no; no Turks, aunt: your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Mussulman is a dry stinkard—No offence, aunt. My map says that your Turk is not so honest a man as your Christian—I cannot find by the map that your musti is orthodox—Whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and (*biccup*) Greek for claret.

[*Sings.*]

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:

Let Mahometan fools

Live by heathenish rules,

And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee.

But let British lads sing,

Crown a health to the king,

And a fig for your sultan and sophy.

Ah, Tony. [*Foible whispers Lady W.*]

LADY. Sir Rowland impatient! Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbrill?—Go lie down and sleep, you sot—Or, as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinado'd with broom-sticks. Call up the wenches with broom-sticks.

Sir WIL. Ahoy! Wenches, where are the wenches?

LADY. Dear cousin Witwoud get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation—You will oblige me to all futurity.

WIT. Come, knight—Pox on him I don't know what to say to him—Will you go to a cock-match?

Sir WIL. With a wench, Tony? Is she a shake-bag, firrah? Let me bite your cheek for that.

WIT. Horrible! He has a breath like a bagpipe—Ay, ay, come will you march, my Salopian?

Sir WIL. Lead on, little Tony—I'll follow thee my Anthony, my Tantony. Sirrah thou shalt be my Tantony, and I'll be thy pig.

And a fig for your sultan and sophy.

LADY. This will never do. It will never make a match—At least before he has been abroad.

S C E N E XII.

Lady WISHFORT, WAITWELL disguised as for Sir Rowland.

LADY. **D**EAR Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness—I have more pardons to ask than the pope distributes in the year of jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance,—we may unbend the severity of decorum—and dispense with a little ceremony.

WAIT. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport;—and 'till I have possession of your adorable person, I am tantaliz'd on the rack; and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

LADY. You have excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing vehemence—But a day or two for decency of marriage—

WAIT. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart—or if that should fail, I shall be poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs, and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction.—That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural viper,

LADY. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge—Not that I respect myself; though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

WAIT. Perfidious to you!

LADY. O, Sir Rowland, the hours that he has dy'd away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and the tremblings, the ardors and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes! Oh no memory can register.

WAIT. What, my rival! Is the rebel my rival?
a' dies.

LADY. No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland,
starve him gradually inch by inch.

WAIT. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be bare-
foot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms—
he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing
living but his head, and then go out in a stink, like a
candle's end upon a save-all.

LADY. Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way—
You are no novice in the labyrinth of love—You have
the clue—But, as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you
must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite,
or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my compla-
cency to any lethargy of continence—I hope you do
not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.—

WAIT. Far be it from me—

LADY. If you do, I protest I must recede—or
think that I have made a prostitution of decorums, but
in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life
of a person of so much importance—

WAIT. I esteem it so—

LADY. Or else you wrong my condescension—

WAIT. I do not, I do not—

LADY. Indeed you do.

WAIT. I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

LADY. If you think the least scruple of carnality
was an ingredient—

WAIT. Dear madam, no. You are all camphire
and frankincense, all chastity and odour.

LADY. Or that—

S C E N E XIII.

[To them] FOIBLE.

FOIB. **M** Adam, the dancers are ready, and there's
one with a letter, who must deliver it into
your own hands.

LADY. Sir Rowland, will you give me leave?
Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you
have found a person who would suffer racks in ho-
nour's

nour's cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly.

S C E N E XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

WAIT. FIE, fie!—What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any cordial? I want spirits.

FOIB. What a washy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady?

WAIT. O, she is the antidote to desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no appetite to iteration of nuptials—this eight and forty hours—By this hand I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days—than act Sir Rowland 'till this time to-morrow.

S C E N E XV.

[To them] LADY with a Letter.

LADY. CALL in the dancers;—Sir Rowland, we'll fit, if you please, and see the entertainment. [Dance.]

Now, with your permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my letter—I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

FOIB. By heav'n! Mrs. Marwood's, I know it—my heart akes—get it from her— [To him.]

WAIT. A woman's hand! No, madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must be cut.

LADY. Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return, by a frank communication—You shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here.

Reads.—Madam, though unknown to you, [Look you there,

there, 'tis from nobody that I know.]—*I have that honour for your character, that I think myself oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a cheat and a rascal—*

Oh heav'ns! what's this?

FOIB. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd.

WAIT. How, how, let me see, let me see.—[Reading] *A rascal and disguis'd, and suborn'd for that imposture, —O villany! O villany!—by the contrivance of—*

LADY. I shall faint, I shall die, oh!

FOIB. Say 'tis your nephew's hand.—Quickly, his plot, swear, swear it.—[To him.]

WAIT. Here's a villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

LADY. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

WAIT. I told you at first I knew the hand—a woman's hand! The rascal writes a sort of a large hand; your Roman hand—I saw there was a throat to be cut, present. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him—

FOIB. O treachery! But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

WAIT. Sure! Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character.

LADY. How!

FOIB. O what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! This was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguis'd to madam Milla-mant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me, and would have hid his face.

LADY. How, how!—I heard the villain was in the house indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when Sir Wilfull was to have made his addresses.

FOIB. Then, then madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

WAIT. Enough, his date is short.

FOIB. No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

WAIT. Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and

and 'tis in a good cause—My lady shall be satisfy'd of my truth and innocence, tho' it cost me my life.

LADY. No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight; if you should be kill'd I must never shew my face; or hang'd—O consider my reputation, Sir Rowland—No you shan't fight,—I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you Sir Rowland by all your love not to fight.

WAIT. I am charm'd madam, I obey. But some proof you must let me give you;—I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

LADY. Ay, dear Sir Rowland, that will be some comfort, bring the black box.

WAIT. And may I presume to bring a contract to be sign'd this night? May I hope so far?

LADY. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy discovery.

WAIT. Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spite of treachery; ay and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abandon'd nephew. Come, my buxom widow:

Ere long you shall substantial proof receive

That I'm an arrant knight—

FOIB. Or arrant knave.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

[SCENE continues.]

Lady Wishfort and FOIBLE.

LADY. OUT of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have foster'd; thou bosom traitress, that I rais'd from nothing—Begone, begone, begone, go, go—That I took from washing

washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chafing dish of starv'd embers, and dining behind a traver's rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage,—go, go, starve again, do, do.

FOIB. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

LADY. Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again—do, drive a trade, do, with your three-penny-worth of small ware, flaunting upon a packthread, under a brandy-feller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old frisoner-gorget, with a yard of yellow colberteen again; do; an old gnaw'd mask, two rows of pins and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive trade,—These were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, plac'd you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your nest?

FOIB. No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience—I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduc'd me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he assur'd me your ladyship should come to no damage—or else the wealth of the Indies should not have brib'd me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

LADY. No damage! What to betray me, to marry me to a cast serving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decay'd pimp! No damage! O thou frontless impudence, more than a big-belly'd actresses.

FOIB. Pray do but hear me madam, he could not marry your ladyship, madam—No indeed his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was marry'd to me first, to secure your ladyship. He could not have bedded your ladyship; for if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risk of the law, and been put upon his clergy—Yes indeed, I enquir'd of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

LADY.

LADY. What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems,—while you were catering for Mirabell; I have been broker for you? What, have you made a passive bawd of me?—This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between Abigails and Andrews! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander. I'll Duke's-Place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already: you shall coo in the same cage, if there be a constable or warrant in the parish.

FOIB. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd—A bride, ay I shall be a Bridewell-bride.—Oh!

S C E N E II.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. FAIN. POOR Foible, what's the matter?

FOIB. O madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell to beat hemp; poor Waitwell's gone to prison already.

Mrs. FAIN. Have a good heart, Foible, Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's and my husband's doing.

FOIB. Yes, yes; I know it, madam; she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady; and that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot to arrest Waitwell, when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the mean time Mrs. Marwood declar'd all to my lady.

Mrs. FAIN. Was there no mention made of me in the letter?—My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy? I fancy Marwood has not told her, tho' she has told my husband.

FOIB. Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part: we stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship then?

Mrs. FAIN. Ay, all's out, my affair with Mirabell,

bell, every thing discover'd. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort.

FOIB. Indeed madam, and so 'tis a comfort if you knew all—he has been even with your ladyship; which I cou'd have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will: I had rather bring friends together, than set 'em at distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. FAIN. Say'st thou so, Foible? Canst thou prove this?

FOIB. I can take my oath of it, madam, so can Mrs. Mincing; we have had many a fair word from madam Marwood, to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when you were at Hyde-Park;—and we were thought to have gone a walking: but we went up unawares—tho' we were sworn to secrecy too; madam Marwood took a book and swore us upon it: but it was but a book of poems—So long as it was not a bible-oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. FAIN. This discovery is the most opportune thing I cou'd wish. Now Mincing?

S C E N E III.

[To them] MINCING.

MINC. MY lady wou'd speak with Mrs. Foible, mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and wou'd have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, 'till my old lady's anger is abated. O, my old lady is in a perilous passion, at something Mr. Fainall has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. FAIN. Does your lady or Mirabell know that?

MINC. Yes mem, they have sent me to see if Sir Wilfull be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolv'd to have him I think, rather than lose

such a vast sum as six thousand pound. O come Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. FAIN. Foible, you must tell Mincing, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

FOIB. Yes, yes, madam.

MINC. O yes mem, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

S C E N E IV.

Mrs. FAINALL, Lady WISHFORT, MARWOOD.

LADY. O My dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have receiv'd from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor Sir Rowland. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes; and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. MAR. Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

LADY. O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the most minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue? I have not only been a mould but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

Mrs. FAIN. I don't understand your ladyship.

LADY. Not understand! Why have you not been naught? Have you not been sophisticated? Not understand! Here I am ruin'd to compound for your caprices and your cuckoldoms. I must pawn my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough—

Mrs,

Mrs. FAIN. I am wrong'd and abus'd, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, as false as hell, as false as your friend there, ay or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. MAR. My friend, Mrs. Fainall! Your husband my friend, what do you mean?

Mrs. FARN. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

Mrs. MAR. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family, should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

LADY. O, dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns—You ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish. O don't leave me destitute in this perplexity;—no, stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. FAIN. I tell you, madam, you're abus'd—Stick to you! ay, like a leach, to suck your best blood—she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial.

S. C E N E V.

Lady WISHFORT, MARWOOD.

LADY. WHY, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,—and I promise you, her education has been unexceptionable—I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men—ay friend, she would ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a man, 'till she was in her teens. As I'm a person 'tis true—She was never suffer'd to

play with a male child, tho' but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the feminine gender—O, she never look'd a man in the face but her own father, or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments, and his sleek face; 'till she was going in her fifteen.

Mrs. MAR. 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

LADY. I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long lectures against finging and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays; and prophane musick-meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the bases roar blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the sight or name of an obscene play-book—and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore! And thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a play-house. O dear friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. MAR. Prove it, madam! What, and have your name prostituted in a public court; your's and your daughter's reputation worry'd at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers! To be usher'd in with an O Yes of scandal; and have your case open'd by an old fumbling letcher in a quoif, like a man midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters, and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record; not even in Dooms-day-book: to discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin; while the good judge, tickl'd with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and figes-off and on his cushion, as if he had swallow'd cantharides, or sate upon cow-itch.

LADY. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. MAR. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

LADY. Worse and worse.

Mrs. MAR. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here

here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the short-hand writers to the public 'press; and from thence be transferr'd to the hands, nay into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's: and this you must hear 'till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

LADY. O, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all—any thing, every thing for composition.

Mrs. MAR. Nay, madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall, if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

S C E N E VI.

FAINALL, Lady WISHFORT, Mrs. MARWOOD.

LADY. **A**Y, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood: no, no, I do not doubt it.

FAIN. Well, madam; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady, your friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life; on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

LADY. Never to marry!

FAIN. No more Sir Rowlands—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. MAR. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienc'd the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

LADY. Ay, that's true; but in case of necessity; as of health, or some such emergency—

FAIN. O if you are prescrib'd marriage, you shall be consider'd; I will only reserve to myself the power to chuse for you. If your physie be wholesome, it matters not who is your apothecary. Next, my wife shall

shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

LADY. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

FAIN. I learn'd it from his Czarish majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practis'd in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pound, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceas'd husband, Sir Jonathan Wishfort) by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd match with Sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

LADY. My nephew was non compos, and could not make his addresses.

FAIN. I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

LADY. You will grant me time to consider?

FAIN. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand 'till more sufficient deeds can be perfected: which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said instrument, and 'till my return you may ballance this matter in your own discretion.

S C E N E VII.

Lady WISHFORT, Mrs. MARWOOD.

LADY. **T**HIS insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you shou'd smart for your daughter's wantonness.

LADY. 'Twas against my consent that she marry'd this Barbarian, but she wou'd have him, tho' her year was not out.—Ah! her first husband, my son Languish,

guish, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is her's; she is match'd now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend, is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel rate?—Here come two more of my Egyptian plagues too.

• S C E N E VIII.

[To them] MILLAMANT, Sir WILFULL.

Sir WIL. AUNT, your servant.

LADY. Out caterpillar, call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir WIL. I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my cousin. So pray let's all be friends, she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

LADY. How's this, dear niece? Have I any comfort? Can this be true?

MIL. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of knight-hood; and for the contract that pass'd between Mirabell and me, I have oblig'd him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence;—he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

LADY. Well, I'll swear I am something reviv'd at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor—I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him I fear I shall turn to stone—petrify incessantly.

MIL. If you disoblige him he may resent your refusal,

84 The WAY of the WORLD.

fusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

LADY. Are you sure it will be the last time?—If I were sure of that—shall I never see him again?

MILL. Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir WIL. 'Sheart the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers.—We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I—He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over seas once already; and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him. *[Goes to the door and hems.]*

Mrs. MAR. This is precious fooling, if it wou'd pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

LADY. O dear Marwood, you are not going?

MAR. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

S C E N E VIII.

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, Sir WILFULL, MIRABELL.

Sir WIL. LOOK up, man, I'll stand by you, 'stoud an she do frown, she can't kill you;—besides—harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own; 'sheart, and she shou'd her forehead wou'd wrinkle like the coat of a cream cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

MIR. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offer'd to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy—Ah madam, there was a time—But let it be forgotten—I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay kill me not, by turning from me in disdain—I come not to plead for favour;—nay not for pardon; I am a suppliant only for pity—I am going where I never shall behold you more—

Sir WIL. How, fellow-traveller!—You shall go by yourself then.

MIR.

MIR. Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten—I ask no more.

Sir WIL. By'r lady a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt—Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt, why you must an you were a christian.

MIR. Consider, madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device; tho' I confess it had a face of guiltiness—it was at most an artifice which love contriv'd—And errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear, that to your cruel indignation, I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir WIL. An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be o' the quorum—An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again—I wou'd I might never take shipping—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly; I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glew, and that's hardly dry;—one dolefull sigh more from my fellow-traveller and 'tis dissolv'd.

LADY. Well nephew, upon your account—Ah, he has a false insinuating tongue—Well Sir, I will stifle my just resentment at my nephew's request.—I will endeavour what I can to forget—but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

MIR. It is in writing and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

LADY. Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue;—when I did not see him I cou'd have brib'd a villain to his assassination; but his appearance takes the embers which have so long lain smother'd in my breast. [Aside.]

SCENE IX.

[To them.] FAIRALL, Mrs. MARWOOD.

FAIN. YOUR date of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

VOL. II.

M

LADY.

LADY. If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having match'd herself by my direction to Sir Wilfull.

FAIN. That sham is too gross to pass on me—tho' 'tis impos'd on you, madam.

MILL. Sir, I have given my consent.

MIR. And, Sir, I have resign'd my pretensions.

SIR WIL. And, Sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, Sir, and of your instrument. S'heart an you talk of an instrument, Sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, Sir. It shall not be sufficient for a mittimus or a taylor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, Sir, or by'r lady I shall draw mine.

LADY. Hold, nephew, hold.

MILL. Good Sir Wilfull respite your valour.

FAIN. Indeed! Are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I'm prepar'd for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant.—I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilfull, your right—You may draw your fox if you please, Sir, and make a Bear-garden flourish somewhere else: for here it will not avail. This, my Lady Wishfort, must be subscrib'd, or your darling daughter's turn'd a-drift, like a leaky hulk to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

LADY. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence to my daughter's fortune?

FAIN. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

MIR. But that you wou'd not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserv'd you shou'd owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I cou'd advise—

LADY. O what? what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay I'll consent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

MIR.

MIR. Ay, madam ; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only cou'd have made me a compensation for all my services—But be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this savage manner.

LADY. How ! Dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last ? But it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match, you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune ; if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

MIR. Will you ? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

LADY. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

MIR. Foible is one, and a penitent.

S C E N E X.

[*To them.*] MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

Mrs. MAR. **O** My shame ! (*Mira. and Lady go to Mrs. Fain, and Foib.*) these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. [*To Fain.*]

FAIN. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World*. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms, no, I will insist thee more.

FOIB. Yes indeed, madam, I'll take my bible-oath of it.

MINC. And so will I, mem.

LADY. O Marwood, Marwood, art thou false ? my friend deceive me ! Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man ?

Mrs. MAR. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls ?

MINC. Mercenary, mem ! I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret ; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalina's Poems. Mercenary ! No, if we wou'd have been mercenary, we shou'd have held our tongues ; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

FAIN. Go, you are an insignificant thing.—Well, what are you the better for this ! Is this Mr. Mirabell's

bell's expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy shame: your body shall be naked as your reputation.

Mrs. FAIN. I despise you, and defy your malice—You have aspers'd me wrongfully—I have prov'd your falsehood—Go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together—Perish.

FAIN. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed my dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

LADY. Ah Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

MIR. O in good time—Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, Madam.

S C E N E XI.

[To them] WAITWELL with a Box of Writings.

LADY. O Sir Rowland—Well, rascal.

WAIT. What your ladyship pleases.—I have brought the black box at last, madam.

MIR. Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

LADY. Ay, dear Sir.

MIR. Where are the gentlemen?

WAIT. At hand, Sir, rubbing their eyes—just risen from sleep.

FAIN. S'death, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

S C E N E XII.

[To them] PETULANT, WITWOUND.

PET. **H**OW now? what's the matter? who's hand's out?

WIT. Hey day! what are you all got together, like players at the end of the last act?

MIR. You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

WIT. Ay I do, my hand I remember—Petulant set his mark.

MIR.

MIR. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear—You do not remember, gentlemen, any thing of what that parchment contained—

[Undoing the box.

WIT. No.

PET. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

MIR. Very well, now you shall know——Madam, your promise.

LADY. Ay, ay, Sir, upon my honour.

MIR. Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you shou'd know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

FAIN. Sir! pretended!

MIR. Yes, Sir. I say that this lady, while a widow, having, it seems, received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she could never have suspected—she did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends and of sages, learned in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within-mention'd. You may read if you please—[holding out the parchment] tho' perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

FAIN. Very likely, Sir. What's here? Damnation!

[Reads] A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust to Edward Mirabell.

Confusion!

MIR. Even so, Sir, 'tis the *Way of the World*, Sir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtain'd from your lady.

FAIN. Perfidious fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd—

[Offers to run at Mrs. Fain.

Sir WIL. Hold, Sir, now you may make your Bear-Garden flourish somewhere else, Sir.

FAIN. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, Sir, be sure you shall.—Let me pass, oaf.

Mrs. FAIN. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment: you had better give it vent.

Mrs. MAR.

Mrs. MAR. Yes, it shall have vent—and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt.

S C E N E the last.

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, MIRABELL,
Mrs. FAINALL, Sir WILFULL, PETULANT,
WITWOUND, FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

LADY. O Daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. FAIN. Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

LADY. Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise—and I must perform mine.—First, I pardon for your sake Sir Rowland there and Foible—the next thing is to break the matter to my nephew—and how to do that—

MIR. For that, madam, give yourself no trouble—let me have your consent—Sir Wilsull is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engag'd a volunteer in this action, for our service; and now designs to prosecute his travels.

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is to see foreign parts—I have set on't—and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen wou'd travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

PET. For my part, I say little—I think things are best off or on.

WIT. I gad I understand nothing of the matter—I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing-school.

LADY. Well, Sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

MILL. Why does not the man take me? Wou'd you have me give myself to you over again?

MIR. Ay, and over and over again; [*Kisses her hand*] I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir WIL. 'Sheart you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have

have a dance in the mean time ; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment, besides looking on.

MIR. With all my heart, dear Sir Wilfull. What shall we do for music ?

FOIB. O Sir, some that were provided for Sir Rowland's entertainment are yet within call. [*A dance.*]

LADY. As I am a person I can hold out no longer ; —I have wasted my spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the fatigue ; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

MIR. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account ; to my knowledge his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union : in the mean time, madam, [*To Mrs. Fain.*] let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust ; it may be a means, well manag'd, to make you live easily together.

From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed ;
Lest mutual falshood stain the bridal-bed :
For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPI.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

AFTER our Epilogue this crowd dismisses,
I'm thinking how this play'll be pull'd to pieces.
But pray consider, e'er you doom its fall,
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to please you all.
There are some critics so with spleen diseas'd,
They scarcely come inclining to be pleas'd:
And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
Who pleases any one against his will.
Then, all bad poets we are sure are foes,
And how their numbers swell'd the town well knows:
In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the pit;
Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for want of wit.
Since when, they by their own offences taught,
Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault.
Others there are whose malice we'd prevent;
Such, who watch plays, with scurrilous intent
To mark out who by characters are meant.
And tho' no perfect likeness they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the copy'd face.
These, with false glosses feed their own ill-nature,
And turn to libel, what was meant a satire.
May such malicious fops this fortune find,
To think themselves alone the fools design'd:
If any are so arrogantly vain,
To think they singly can support a scene,
And furnish fool enough to entertain.
For well the learn'd and the judicious know,
That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
As any one abstracted fop to show.
For, as when painters form a matchless face,
They from each fair one catch some diff'rent grace;
And shining features in one portrait blend,
To which no single beauty must pretend:
So poets oft, do in one piece expose
Whole belles assemblées of coquets and beaux.

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
P A R I S:
A
M A S Q U E.

BY
Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

———Vincis utramque Venus.
Ov. ART. AM. l. i.

L O N D O N:
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T H E

JUDGMENT of PARIS.

The SCENE is a landscape of a beautiful Pasture supposed on Mount Ida. The Shepherd PARIS is seen seated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip; &c. lying by him. While a Symphony is playing, MERCURY descends with his Caduceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: after the Symphony he sings:

MERCURY.

FROM high Olympus, and the realms above,
Behold I come the messenger of Jove;
His dread commands I bear,
Shepherd arise and hear;
Arise, and leave a while thy rural care,
Forbear thy woolly flock to feed,
And lay aside thy tuneful reed;
For thou to greater honours art decreed.

PARIS.

O Hermes, I thy godhead know,
By thy winged heels and head;
By thy rod that wakes the dead,
And guides the shades below.
Say wherefore dost thou seek this humble plain,
To greet a lowly swain?
What does the mighty thunderer ordain?

MERCURY.

This radiant fruit behold,
More bright than burnish'd gold ;
Three goddesses for this contend :

See now they descend,
And this way they bend.
Shepherd, take the golden prize,
Yield it to the brightest eyes.

[Juno, Pallas, and Venus, are seen at a Distance descending in several Machines.]

PARIS.

O ravishing delight !
What mortal can support the sight ?
Alas too weak is human brain,
So much rapture to sustain.
I faint, I fall, O take me hence,
E'er extasy invades my aking sense :
Help me Hermes, or I die,
Save me from excess of joy.

MERCURY.

Fear not mortal, none shall harm thee,
With my sacred rod I'll charm thee ;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou mayest ev'ry grace discover.

Though a thousand darts fly round thee,
Fear not mortal, none shall wound thee.

In two	{	Happy thou of human race,
Parts.		Gods with thee would change their place.
PARIS.		With no god I'd change my place,
		Happy I of human race. [Mercury ascends.

[While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from her Machine, after the Symphony she sings]

JUNO.

Saturnia, wife of thundering Jove, am I,
Belov'd by him, and empress of the sky ;
Shepherd, fix on me thy wondring sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

[Symphony for Pallas.]

PALLAS.

This way, mortal, bend thy eyes,
Pallas claims the golden prize ;

A virgin

The JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

97

A virgin goddess free from stain,
And queen of arts and arms I reign.

[Symphony for Venus.]

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain,
Let not Venus sue in vain;
Venus rules the gods above,
Love rules them, and she rules love.
Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am she.

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am she.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

JUNO and PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

VENUS.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of { Hither turn to me again,
all three. { To me, to me, for I am she;
 { Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

PARIS.

I.

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a title sure never was try'd.
United, your beauties so dazzle the fight,
That lost in amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heav'nly fair,
For three at a time there's no mortal can bear;
And since a gay robe an ill shape may disguise,
When each is undrest
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a face that must carry the prize.

JUNO

JUNO sings alone.

I.

Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd,
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on necks of kings shalt tread,
Joys in circles joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

III.

Let not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasures are ;
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

CHORUS.

*Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd,
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.*

PALLAS sings alone.

I.

Awake, awake, thy spirits raise,
Waste not thus thy youthful days,
Piping, toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Lost in wanton and inglorious ease.

II.

Hark, hark ! the glorious voice of war
Calls aloud, for arms prepare :
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial music charms the joyful air.

[Sym-

[Symphony.]

PALLAS sings.

O what joys does conquest yield !
 When returning from the field,
 Oh how glorious 'tis to see
 The godlike hero crown'd with victory !
 Laurel wreaths his head surrounding,
 Banners waving in the wind,
 Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
 Ev'ry voice in chorus join'd.
 To me, kind swain, the prize resign,
 And fame and conquest shall be thine.

CHORUS.

*O how glorious 'tis to see
 The godlike hero crown'd with victory !*

[Symphony.]

VENUS sings alone.

Stay, lovely youth, delay thy choice,
 Take heed lest empty names enthrall thee,
 Attend to Cytherea's voice ;
 Lo ! I who am Love's mother call thee.
 Far from thee be anxious care,
 And racking thoughts that vex the great :
 Empire's but a gilded snare,
 And fickle is the warrior's fate.
 One only joy mankind can know,
 And love alone can that bestow.

CHORUS.

One only joy, &c.

VENUS sings,

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for loving,
 Thus adorn'd with ev'ry grace ;
 Venus self thy form approving,
 Looks with pleasure on thy face.

II.

Happy nymph who shall enfold thee,
 Circled in her yielding arms !
 Should bright Helen once behold thee,
 She'd surrender all her charms.

III. Fairest

III.

Fairest she, all nymphs transcending,
That the sun himself has seen,
Were she for the crown contending,
Thou would'st own her beauty's queen.

IV.

Gentle shepherd, if my pleading
Can from thee the prize obtain,
Love himself thy conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless fair shalt gain.

PARIS.

I yield, I yield, O take the prize,
And cease, O cease, th' enchanting song;
All Love's darts are in thy eyes,
And harmony falls from thy tongue.
Forbear, O goddess of desire,
Thus my ravish'd soul to move,
Forbear to fan the raging fire,
And be propitious to my love.

[Here Paris gives to Venus the Golden Apple. Several Cupids descend, the three Graces alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call the Hours, who assemble; with all the Attendants on Venus. All join in a Circle round her, and sing the last grand Chorus; while Juno and Pallas ascend.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither all ye graces, all ye loves,
Hither all ye Hours resort;
Billing sparrows, cooing doves;
Come all the train of Venus court.
Sing all great Cytherea's name;
Over empire, over fame,
Her victory proclaim.
Sing and spread the joyful news around,
The queen of love, is queen of beauty crown'd.



S E M E L E;

A N

O P E R A.

B Y

Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

A Natura discedimus : Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono
auctori, & in hac re, sicut in omnibus, inconstantissimo

SENECA Ep. 99.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1776.

3 E M E F E

A N
The first of the series of
the first of the series of
the first of the series of

O P E R A
The first of the series of
the first of the series of
the first of the series of

MR WILLIAM CORREVE

A Native disbeliever; Thomas Corcoran, a native
of the same name, born in England, and
settled in the United States, and
settled in the United States, and
settled in the United States, and

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1773

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A R G U M E N T

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

O P E R A of S E M E L E.

After Jupiter's amour with Europa, the daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, he again incenses Juno by a new affair in the same family; viz. with Semele, niece to Europa, and daughter to Cadmus, king of Thebes. Semele is on the point of marriage with Athamas; which marriage is about to be solemnized in the temple of Juno, goddess of marriages, when Jupiter, by ill omens, interrupts the ceremony; and afterwards transports Semele to a private abode prepared for her. Juno, after many contrivances, at length assumes the shape and voice of Ino, sister to Semele; by the help of which disguise, and artful insinuations, she prevails with her to make a request to Jupiter, which being granted must end in her utter ruin.

THIS fable is related in Ovid. *Metam.* l. iii. but there Juno is said to impose on Semele in the shape of an old woman, her nurse. 'Tis hoped the liberty taken in substituting Ino instead of the old woman will be excused: it was done because Ino is interwoven in the design by her love of Athamas; to whom she was married, according to Ovid; and, because her character bears a proportion with the dignity of the other persons represented. This reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a thing intirely fictitious; and more especially being represented under the title of an opera, where greater absurdities are every day excused.

It was not thought requisite to have any regard either to rhyme or equality of measure in the lines of that part of the dialogue which was designed for the

recitative stile in music. For as that stile in music is not confined to the strict observation of time and measure, which is required in the composition of airs and sonatas, so neither is it necessary that the same exactness in numbers, rhymes, or measure, should be observed in words designed to be set in that manner, which must ever be observed in the formation of odes and sonnets. For, what they call recitative in music is only a more tuneable speaking; it is a kind of prose in music; its beauty consists in coming near nature, and in improving the natural accents of words by more pathetic or emphatical tones.

Persons

Persons Represented.

JUPITER.

CADMUS, king of Thebes.

ATHAMAS, a prince of Bœotia, in love with and design'd to marry Semele.

SOMNUS.

APOLLO.

CUPID.

ZEPHYRS.

LOVES.

Shepherds,

Satyrs.

JUNO.

IRIS.

SEMELE, daughter to Cadmus, beloved by and in love with Jupiter.

INO, sister to Semele, in love with Athamas.

Shepherdesses.

Chief Priest of Juno, other Priests and Augurs.

SCENE BŒOTIA.

S E M E L E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the Temple of Juno, near the Altar is a golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offered; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of Juno is seen to bow.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, and INO.

FIRST PRIEST.

BEHOLD auspicious flashes rise;
Juno accepts our sacrifice;
The grateful odour swift ascends,
And see the golden image bends.

FIRST and SECOND PRIEST.

*Lucky omens bless our rites,
And sure success shall crown your loves;
Peaceful days and fruitful nights,
Attend the pair that she approves.*

CADMUS.

Daughter, obey,
Hear, and obey.

With

With kind consenting
Ease a parent's care ;
Invent no new delay.

ATHAMAS.

O hear a faithful lover's pray'r ;
On this auspicious day
Invent no new delay.

CADMUS and ATHAMAS.

Hear and obey ;
Invent no new delay
On this auspicious day.

SEMELE [*apart.*]

Ah me !
What refuge now is left me ?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my miseries !
O Jove assist me.
Can Semele forego thy love,
And to a mortal's passion yield ?
Thy vengeance will o'ertake
Such perfidy.

If I deny, my father's wrath I fear.

O Jove, in pity teach me which to chuse,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

ATHAMAS.

*See, she blushing turns her eyes ;
See, with sighs her bosom panting :
If from love those sighs arise,
Nothing to my bliss is wanting.
Hymen haste, thy torch prepare,
Love already his has lighted ;
One soft sigh has cur'd despair,
And more than my past pains requited.*

ING.

Alas ! she yields,
And has undone me :
I can no longer hide my passion ;
It must have vent—
Or inward burning

Will consume me.

O Athamas——

I cannot utter it—

ATHAMAS.

On me fair Ino calls
With mournful accent,
Her colour fading,
And her eyes o'erflowing!

INO.

O Semele!

SEMELE.

On me she calls,
Yet seems to shun me!
What wou'd my sister?
Speak—

INO.

Thou hast undone me.

CADMUS.

*Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our solemn rites prophane?
Can he, or she, thy woes relieve?
Or I? Of whom dost thou complain.*

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

ATHAMAS.

Can I thy woes relieve?

SEMELE.

Can I assuage thy pain?

CADMUS, ATHAMAS and SEMELE.

Of whom dost thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

*[It lightens, and thunder is heard at a distance, then a noise
of rain; the fire is suddenly extinguished on the altar: the
chief priest comes forward.]*

FIRST

FIRST PRIEST.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs !

Some god averse our holy rites controuls.
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night, the day expires !
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls ;
And Jove himself descends in show'rs,
To quench our late propitious fires.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs !

SECOND PRIEST.

Again auspicious flashes rise,
Juno accepts our sacrifice.

[Flames are again kindled on the altar, and the statue nods.]

THIRD PRIEST.

Again the sickly flame decaying dies :
Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

[The fire is again extinguished.]

ATHAMAS [apart.]

Thy aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

SEMELE [apart].

Thee Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

[A loud clap of thunder ; the altar sinks.]

FIRST PRIEST.

Cease, cease your vows, 'tis impious to proceed ;
Begone, and fly this holy place with speed :
This dreadful conflict is of dire presage ;
Begone, and fly from Jove's impending rage.

[All but the priests come forward. The scene closes on the priests, and shews to view the front and outside of the temple. Cadmus leads off Semele, attendants follow. Athamas and Ino remain.]

S C E N E II.

ATHAMAS, INO.

ATHAMAS.

O Athamas, what torture hast thou borne!
 And O, what hast thou yet to bear!
 From love, from hope, from near possession torn,
 And plung'd at once in deep despair.

INO.

*Turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes,
 And see a maid bemoan,
 In flowing tears and aching sighs,
 Thy woes too like her own.*

ATHAMAS.

She weeps!
 The gentle maid, in tender pity,
 Weeps to behold my misery!
 So Semele wou'd melt
 To see another mourn.
*Such unavailing mercy is in beauty found,
 Each nymph bemoans the smart
 Of every bleeding heart,
 But that where she herself inflicts the wound.*

INO.

Ah me, too much afflicted!

ATHAMAS.

Can pity for another's pain
 Cause such anxiety!

INO.

Cou'dst thou but guess
 What I endure;
 Or cou'd I tell thee—
 Thou, Athamas,
 Wou'dst for a while
 Thy sorrows cease, a little cease,
 And listen for a while
 To my lamenting.

ATHA-

S E M E L E.

111

ATHAMAS.

Of grief too sensible
I know your tender nature.
Well I remember,
When I oft have su'd
To cold, disdainful Semele;
When I with scorn have been rejected;
Your tuneful voice my tale wou'd tell,
In pity of my sad despair;
And, with sweet melody, compel
Attention from the flying fair.

INO.

Too well I see
Thou wilt not understand me.
Whence cou'd proceed such tenderness?
Whence such compassion?
Insensible! Ingrate!—
Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
For by effects unknown before,
Who cou'd the hidden cause explore?
Or think that love cou'd act so strange a part,
To plead for pity in a rival's heart.

ATHAMAS.

Ah me, what have I heard!
She does her passion own.

INO.

What, had I not despair'd,
You never shou'd have known.
*You've undone me,
Look not on me;
Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me,
You've undone me.*

ATHAMAS.

*With my life I wou'd atone
Pains you've borne, to me unknown.
Cease, cease to shun me.*

P 2

INO.

S E M E L E.

INO.

*Look not on me,
You've undone me.*

ATHAMAS.

*Cease, cease to shun me :
Love, love alone
Has both undone.*

INO, ATHAMAS.

*Love, love alone
Has both undone.*

S C E N E III.

[To them] Enter CADMUS attended.

AH wretched prince, doom'd to disastrous love !
Ah me, of parents most forlorn !
Prepare, O Athamas, to prove
The sharpest pangs that e'er were borne :
Prepare with me our common loss to mourn.

ATHAMAS.

Can fate, or Semele, invent
Another, yet another punishment ?

CADMUS.

Wing'd with our fears, and pious haste,
From Juno's fane we fled :
Scarce we the brazen gates had pass'd,
When Semele around her head
With azure flames was grac'd,
Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd.
While this we saw with dread surprize,
Swifter than light'ning downwards tending,
An eagle stoop'd, of mighty size,
On purple wings descending ;
Like gold his beak, like stars shone forth his eyes,
His silver plummy breast with snow contending :
Sudden he snatch'd the trembling maid,
And soaring from our sight convey'd ;

Diffusing

S E M E L E.

113

Diffusing ever as he lessening flew
Celestial odour, and ambrosial dew.

ATHAMAS.

O prodigy, to me of dire portent !

INO.

To me, I hope, of fortunate event.

S C E N E IV.

Enter to them the chief priest, with augurs and other
priests.

CADMUS.

SEE, see, Jove's priests and holy augurs come :
Speak, speak, of Semele and me declare the doom.

FIRST AUGUR.

*Hail Cadmus, hail ! Jove salutes the Theban king.
Cease your mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of mirth and triumph sing.*

SECOND AUGUR.

*Endless pleasure, endless love,
Semele enjoys above ;
On her bosom Jove reclining,
Useless now his thunder lies,
To her arms his bolts resigning,
And his light'ning to her eyes.
Endless pleasure, endless love,
Semele enjoys above.*

FIRST PRIEST.

*Haste, haste, haste, to sacrifice prepare,
Once to the thunderer, once to the fair :
Jove and Semele implore ;
Jove and Semele like honour's share,
Whom gods admire, let men adore :
Haste, haste, haste, to sacrifice prepare.*

Chorus

Chorus of PRIESTS and AUGURS.

*Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban king.
Cease your mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of mirth and triumph sing.*

[Exeunt omnes.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a pleasant country, the prospect is terminated by a beautiful mountain adorned with woods and water-falls. Juno and Iris descend in different machines. Juno in a chariot drawn by peacocks, Iris on a rainbow; they alight and meet.

JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy stay,
From Samos have I wing'd my way,
To meet thy slow return;
Thou know'st what cares infest
My anxious breast,
And how with rage and jealousy I burn:
Then why this long delay?

IRIS.

With all his speed not yet the sun
Thro' half his race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread command
Have thrice encompass'd seas and land.

JUNO.

Say, where is Semele's abode?
'Till that I know,
Tho' thou hadst on light'ning rode,
Still thou tedious art and slow.

IRIS

IRIS.

Look where Citheron proudly stands,
 Boeotia parting from Cecropian lands.
 High on the summit of that hill,
 Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
 By Jove's command, and Vulcan's skill,
 Behold a new erected palace rise.

*There from mortal cares retiring,
 She resides in sweet retreat;
 On her pleasure, Jove requiring,
 All the Loves and Graces wait.*

*Thither Flora the fair,
 With her train must repair,
 Her amorous Zephyr attending,
 All her sweets she must bring
 To continue the spring,
 Which never must there know an ending.*

*Bright Aurora, 'tis said,
 From her old lover's bed,
 No more the grey orient adorning,
 For the future must rise
 From fair Semele's eyes,
 And wait 'till she wakes for the morning.*

JUNO.

No more—I'll hear no more.
 How long must I endure?—
 How long with indignation burning,
 From impious mortals
 Bear this insolence!
 Awake Saturnia from thy lethargy;
 Seize, destroy the curst adultress.
 Scale proud Citheron's top:
 Snatch her, tear her in thy fury,
 And down, down to the flood of Acheron
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall:
 Rolling down the depths of night,
 Never more to behold the light.
 If I am own'd above,
 Sister and wife of Jove;

(Sister

(Sister at least I sure may claim,
 Tho' wife be a neglected name,)
 If I th' imperial scepter sway—I swear
 By hell—
 Tremble thou universe this oath to hear,
 Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare.

IRIS.

Hear mighty queen, while I recount
 What obstacles you must surmount;
 With adamant the gates are barr'd,
 Whose entrance two fierce dragons guard:
 At each approach they lash their forky stings,
 And clap their brazen wings:
 And as their scaly horrors rise
 They all at once disclose
 A thousand fiery eyes,
 Which never know repose.

JUNO.

Hence, Iris, hence away,
 Far from the realms of day;
 O'er Scythian hills to the Meotian lake
 A speedy flight we'll take:
 There, Somnus I'll compel
 His downy bed to leave and silent cell:
 With noise and light I will his peace molest,
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,
 'Till to my vow'd revenge he grants supplies,
 And seals with sleep the wakeful dragons eyes.

[*They ascend.*]

S C E N E II.

The SCENE changes to an apartment in the palace of Semele; she is sleeping; Loves and Zephyrs waiting.

CUPID.

*SEE, after the toils of an amorous fight,
 Where weary and pleas'd, still panting she lies;
 While yet in her mind she repeats the delight,
 How sweet is the slumber that steals on her eyes!*

Come

S E M E L E.

117

*Come Zephyrs, come, while Cupid sings,
Fan her with your silky wings;*

New desire

I'll inspire,

And revive the dying flames;

Dance around her

While I wound her,

And with pleasure fill her dreams.

A dance of Zephyrs, after which Semele awakes, and rises.

SEMELE.

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?

Why thy visionary joys remove?

O Sleep, again deceive me,

To my arms restore my wandering love.

S C E N E III.

Two Loves lead in Jupiter; while he meets and embraces Semele, Cupid sings.

CUPID.

Sleep forsaking,

Seize him waking;

Love has sought him,

Back has brought him;

Mighty Jove tho' he be,

And tho' Love cannot see,

Yet by feeling about

He has found him out,

And has caught him.

SEMELE.

Let me not another moment

Bear the pangs of absence,

Since you have form'd my soul for loving,

No more afflict me

With doubts and fears, and cruel jealousy.

JUPITER.

Lay your doubts and fears aside,

And for joys alone provide;

VOL. II.

Q

The

*Tho' this human form I wear,
 Think not I man's falshood bear.
 You are mortal, and require
 Time to rest and to respire.
 Nor was I absent,
 Tho' a while withdrawn,
 To take petitions
 From the needy world.
 While Love was with thee
 I was present;
 Love and I are one.*

SEMELE.

*If chearful hopes
 And chilling fears,
 Alternate smiles,
 Alternate tears,
 Eager panting,
 Fond desiring,
 With grief now fainting,
 Now with bliss expiring;
 If this be love, not you alone,
 But love and I are one.*

BOTH.

*If this be love, not you alone,
 But love and I are one.*

SEMELE.

Ah me!

JUPITER.

*Why sighs my Semele?
 What gentle sorrow
 Swells thy soft bosom?
 Why tremble those fair eyes
 With interrupted light?
 Where hov'ring for a vent,
 Amidst their humid fires,
 Some new-form'd with appears.
 Speak, and obtain.*

SEMELE.

*At my own happiness
 I sigh and tremble;
 Mortals whom gods affect*

Have

S E M E L E,

219

Have narrow limits fet to life,
And cannot long be blest'd.
Or if they could——
A god may prove inconstant.

JUPITER.

Beware of jealousy :
Had Juno not been jealous,
I ne'er had left Olympus,
Nor wander'd in my love.

SEMELE.

*With my frailty don't upbraid me,
I am woman as you made me.
Causeless doubting or despairing,
Rashly trusting, idly fearing.
If obtaining
Still complaining,
If consenting
Still repenting,
Most complying
When denying,
And to be follow'd, only flying.
With my frailty don't upbraid me,
I am woman as you made me.*

JUPITER.

Thy sex of Jove's the master-piece,
Thou, of thy sex, art most excelling.
Frailty in thee is ornament,
In thee perfection.
Giv'n to agitate the mind,
And keep awake men's passions ;
To banish indolence,
And dull repose,
The foes of transport
And of pleasure.

SEMELE.

Still I am mortal,
Still a woman ;
And ever when you leave me,
Tho' compass'd round with deities,
Of loves and graces,
A fear invades me,

Q 2

And

And conscious of a nature
Far inferior,
I seek for solitude,
And shun society.

JUPITER [*apart*].

Too well I read her meaning,
But must not understand her.
Aiming at immortality
With dangerous ambition,
She wou'd dethrone Saturnia;
And reigning in my heart
Would reign in heav'n.
Lest she too much explain,
I must with speed amuse her;
It gives the lover double pain,
Who hears his nymph complain,
And hearing must refuse her.

SEMELE.

Why do you cease to gaze upon me?
Why musing turn away?
Some other object
Seems more pleasing.

JUPITER.

*Thy needless fears remove,
My fairest, latest, only love.*
By my command,
Now at this instant,
Two winged Zephyrs
From her downy bed
Thy much-lov'd Ino bear;
And both together
Waft her hither
Thro' the balmy air.

SEMELE.

Shall I my sister see!
The dear companion
Of my tender years.

JUPITER.

See she appears
But sees not me,

S E M E L E.

121

For I am visible
Alone to thee.
While I retire, rise and meet her,
And with welcomes greet her.
Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn,
The seat of happy nymphs and swains,
There without rage and jealousy they burn,
And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

S C E N E IV.

Jupiter retires. Semele and Ino meet and embrace.
The Scene is totally changed, and shews an open
Country. Several Shepherds and Shepesses enter.
Semele and Ino having entertained each other in
dumb Shew, sit and observe rural Sports, which end
the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is the Cave of Sleep. The God of
Sleep lying on his bed. A soft Symphony is heard.
Then the Music changes to a different Movement.

JUNO and IRIS.

JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake,
Raife thy reclining head;

IRIS.

Thyself forsake,
And lift up thy heavy lids of lead.

SOMNUS waking.

Leave me, loathsome light;
Receive me, silent night.

Lethe,

*Lethe, why does thy lingring current cease?
O murmur, murmur me again to peace.*

[Sinks down again,

IRIS.

Dull god, canst thou attend the waters fall,
And not hear Saturnia call!

JUNO.

Peace Iris, peace, I know how to charm him,
Pafithea's name alone can warm him.

JUNO, IRIS.

*Only love on sleep has pow'r;
O'er gods and men
Tho' Somnus reign,
Love alternate has his hour.*

JUNO.

Somnus arise,
Disclose thy tender eyes;
For Pafithea's sight
Endure the light:
Somnus arise,

SOMNUS rising.

*More sweet is that name
Than a soft purling stream;
With pleasure repose I'll forsake,
If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.*

JUNO.

My will obey,
She shall be thine.
Thou with thy softer pow'rs
First Jove shalt captivate,
To Morpheus then give order,
Thy various minister,
That with a dream in shape of Semele,
But far more beautiful,
And more alluring,
He may invade the sleeping deity;
And more to agitate
His kindling fire,

Still

SEMELE.

123

Still let the phantom seem
To fly before him,
That he may wake impetuous,
Furious in desire;
Unable to refuse whatever boon
Her coyness shall require.

SOMNUS.

I tremble to comply.

JUNO.

To me thy leaden rod resign,
To charm the centinels
On mount Citheron;
Then cast a sleep on mortal Ino:
That I may seem her form to wear,
When I to Semele appear.
Obey my will, thy rod resign,
And Pafithea shall be thine.

SOMNUS.

All I must grant, for all is due
To Pafithea, love and you.

JUNO.

Away let us haste,
Let neither have rest,
'Till the sweetest of pleasures we prove;
'Till of vengeance possess'd
I doubly am blest,
And thou art made happy in love.

[Ex. Juno and Iris.

[Somnus retires within his cave, the scene changes to Semele's apartment.]

SCENE II.

SEMELE alone.

SEMELE.

I Love and am lov'd, yet more I desire;
Ah, how foolish a thing is fruition!
As one passion cools, some other takes fire,
And I'm still in a longing condition.

Whate'er

S E M E L E.

*Whate'er I possess
 Soon seems an excess,
 For something untry'd I petition;
 Tho' daily I prove
 The pleasures of love,
 I die for the joys of ambition.*

S C E N E III.

Enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirrour in her Hand.

JUNO apart.

THUS shaped like Ino,
 With ease I shall deceive her,
 And in this mirrour she shall see
 Herself as much transform'd as me.
 Do I some goddess see! [To her.
 Or is it Semele?

SEMELE.

Dear sister speak,
 Whence this astonishment?

JUNO.

Your charms improving
 To divine perfection,
 Shew you were late admitted
 Amongst celestial beauties.
 Has Jove consented?
 And are you made immortal?

SEMELE.

Ah no, I still am mortal,
 Nor am I sensible
 Of any change or new perfection.

JUNO, giving her the glass.

*Behold in this mirrour
 Whence comes my surprize;
 Such lustre and terror
 Unite in your eyes,
 That thine cannot fix on a radiant so bright;
 'Tis unsafe for the sense, and too slipp'ry for sight.*

SEMELE.

SEMELE, looking in the glass.

O ecstacy of happiness!

Celestial graces

I discover in each feature!

Myself I shall adore,

If I persist in gazing;

No object sure before

Was ever half so pleasing.

How did that glance become me!

But take this flatt'ring mirror from me.

Yet once again let me view me.

Ah charming all o'er!

[Offering the glass, withdraws her hand again.

Here—hold, I'll have one look more,

Tho' that look I were sure would undo me.

JUNO, taking the glass from her.

Be wise as you are beautiful,

Nor lose this opportunity.

When Jove appears,

All ardent with desire,

Refuse his proffer'd flame

'Till you obtain a boon without a name.

SEMELE.

Can that avail me?

JUNO.

Unknowing your intent,

And eager for possessing,

He unawares will grant

The nameless blessing.

But bind him by the Stygian lake,

Lest lover-like his word he break.

SEMELE.

But how shall I attain

To immortality?

JUNO.

Conjure him by his oath

Not to approach your bed

In likenefs of a mortal,
 But like himfelf, the mighty thunderer,
 In pomp of majefty,
 And heav'nly attire;
 As when his proud Saturnia charms,
 And with ineffable delights
 Fills her encircling arms,
 And pays the nuptial rites.
 By this conjunction
 With entire divinity
 You fhall partake of heav'nly effence,
 And thenceforth leave this mortal ftate
 To reign above,
 Ador'd by Jove,
 In fpite of jealous Juno's hate.

SEMELE.

*Thus let my thanks be paid,
 Thus let my arms embrace thee;
 And when I'm goddeſs made,
 With charms like mine I'll grace thee.*

JUNO.

Rich odours fill the fragrant air,
 And Jove's approach declare.
 I muſt retire——

SEMELE.

Adieu—Your council I'll purſue.

JUNO. [*apart.*]

And ſure deſtruction will enſue.
 Vain wretched fool—[*To her*] Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

JUPITER enters, offers to embrace SEMELE; ſhe looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

JUPITER.

*C*OME to my arms, my lovely fair,
 Sooth my uneaſy care:

In

*In my dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I pursu'd thee,
For you fled from my pray'r,
And bid me despair.
Come to my arms, my lovely fair.*

SEMELE.

*Tho' 'tis easy to please ye,
And hard to deny;
Tho' possessing's a blessing
For which I could die,
I dare not, I cannot comply.*

JUPITER.

*When I languish with anguish,
And tenderly sigh,
Can you leave me, deceive me,
And scornfully fly?
Ah fear not. You must not deny.*

SEMELE, JUPITER.

*I dare not, I cannot comply.
Ah fear not. You must not deny.*

JUPITER.

*O Semele,
Why art thou thus insensible?
Were I a mortal,
Thy barbarous disdain
Would surely end me,
And death at my complaining
In pity would befriend me.*

SEMELE.

*I ever am granting,
You always complain;
I always am wanting,
Yet never obtain.*

JUPITER.

*Speak, speak your desire,
I'm all over fire.
Say what you require,
I'll grant it—now let us retire.*

R 2

SEMELE.

SEMELE.

Swear by the Stygian lake,

JUPITER,

By that tremendous flood I swear,
Ye Stygian waters hear,
And thou Olympus shake,
In witness to the oath I take.

[Thunder at a distance and underneath,

SEMELE.

You'll grant what I require.

JUPITER.

I'll grant what you require.

SEMELE,

*Then cast off this human shape which you wear,
And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear ;
When next you desire I should charm ye,
As when Juno you bless,
So you me must caress,
And with all your omnipotence arm ye,*

JUPITER.

*Al! take heed what you press,
For beyond all redress,
Should I grant what you wish, I shall harm ye.*

SEMELE.

*I'll be pleas'd with no less,
Than my wish in excess ;
Let the oath you have taken alarm ye :
Haste, haste, and prepare,
For I'll know what you are ;
So with all your omnipotence arm ye.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

She withdraws, JUPITER remains pensive and dejected.

JUPITER.

AH! whither is she gone! unhappy fair!
Why did she wish?—Why did I rashly swear?

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall.

Anon, when I appear

The mighty thunderer,

Arm'd with inevitable fire,

She needs must instantly expire.

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall.

My softest lightning yet I'll try,

And mildest melting bolt apply:

In vain—for she was fram'd to prove

None but the lambent flames of love.

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall.

S C E N E VI.

JUNO appears in her Chariot ascending.

JUNO.

ABOVE measure

Is the pleasure

Which my revenge supplies.

Love's a bubble

Gain'd with trouble,

And in possessing dies.

With what joy shall I mount to my heav'n again,

At once from my rival and jealousy freed!

The sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,

And heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed.

[She ascends.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

The Scene opening discovers SEMELE lying under a Canopy, leaning pensively, while a mournful Symphony is playing she looks up, and sees JUPITER descending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is slow. Flashes of Lightning issue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the Air.

SEMELE.

AH me! too late I now repent
My pride and impious vanity.
He comes! far off his lightnings scorch me.
—— I feel my life consuming:
I burn, I burn—I faint—for pity I implore—
O help, O help—I can no more. [Dis.]

[As the cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived just over the canopy of Semele, a sudden and great flash of lightning breaks forth, and a clap of loud thunder is heard; when at one instant Semele with the palace and the whole present scene disappears, and Jupiter re-ascends swiftly. The scene totally changed represents a pleasant country, Mount Citheron closing the prospect.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS and INO.

INO.

O F my ill-boding dream
Behold the dire event.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

O terror and astonishment.

INO.

INO.

How I was hence remov'd,
 Or hither how return'd, I know not :
 So long a trance with-held me.
 But Hermes in a vision told me
 (As I have now related)
 The fate of Semele ;
 And added, as from me he fled,
 That Jove ordain'd I Athamas should wed.

CADMUS.

Be Jove in ev'ry thing obey'd. [*Joins their hands.*]

ATHAMAS.

Unworthy of your charms, myself I yield ;
 Be Jove's commands and yours fulfill'd.

CADMUS.

See from above the bellying clouds descend,
 And big with some new wonder this way tend.

S C E N E IX.

A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron,
 which opening discovers APOLLO seated in it as the
 God of Prophecy.

APOLLO.

APOLLO comes to relieve your care,
 And future happiness declare.
 From tyrannous love all your sorrows proceed,
 From tyrannous love you shall quickly be freed.
 From Semele's ashes a phoenix shall rise,
 The joy of this earth, and delight of the skies :
 A god he shall prove
 More mighty than love,

*And a sovereign juice shall invent,
Which antidote pure
The sick lover shall cure,
And sighing and sorrow for ever prevent.*

*Then mortals be merry, and scorn the blind boy;
Your hearts from his arrows strong wine shall defend:
Each day and each night you shall revel in joy,
For when Bacchus is born, Love's reign's at an end.*

CHORUS.

Then mortals be merry, &c.

Dance of Satyrs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

————— Minuentur atræ
Carminè curæ.

Hor.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1776.

OF THE

OF THE

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY

MR. WILLIAM CONORRY

London

Printed

LONDON

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1760

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E P I S T L E

TO THE

The Right Honourable CHARLES Lord
HALIFAX, &c.

TO you, my lord, my muse her tribute pays
Of various verie, in various rude essays;
To you, the first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays, she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now she tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre;
In high Parnassus she no birth-right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams;
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet, she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,
Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
 And not more bound to aid us than adorn !
 Albion in verse with antient Greece had vi'd,
 And gain'd alone a fame, which there sev'n states di-
 vide.

But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
 Had we the patriot in the poet lost.
 A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
 Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my lord, though your exalted name
 Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
 Tho' your ambition ends in public good,
 (A virtue lineal to your house and blood :)
 Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
 Nor slight the trophies which the muses raise.
 How oft a patriot's best laid schemes we find
 By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd !
 If he succeed he undergoes this lot,
 The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
 But honours which from verse their source derive,
 Shall both surmount detraction, and survive :
 And poets have unquestion'd right to claim
 If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE

T H E
MOURNING MUSE of ALEXIS.

A
P A S T O R A L.
LAMENTING THE DEATH OF
Q U E E N M A R Y.

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem.

VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEhold, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding flower, nor springing green:

138 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme, which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!

O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;
Or melting words, and moving numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excell,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill,)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The list'ning echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind, and murmur'ing stream should tell
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.

And

And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,
 By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comu's feast,
 While in a ring the jolly rural throng
 Have sat and smil'd to hear my chearful song:
 Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
 My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
 Learn to lament, my muse, to weep, and mourn,
 Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
 Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
 And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair;
 Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling chuse,
 Begone Thalia, sorrow is my muse.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

No more these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
 Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd;
 No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
 And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
 No more these rivers chearfully shall pass,
 Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
 While on their banks the wondring flocks have stood,
 Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
 Her ears, no more with dances please her sight;
 Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
 To bless the joyous day that gave her birth:
 Lost is that day which had from her its light,
 For ever lost with her, in endless night;
 In endless night and arms of death she lies,
 Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched swains,
 Stray all ye flocks, and desert be ye plains,
 Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye crystal floods,
 Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;
 The marble weeps, and with a silent pace,
 Its trickling tears distil upon her face.

Falsly

Falsly ye weep, ye rocks, and falsly mourn !
 For never will you let the nymph return !
 With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
 And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O she was heav'nly fair in face and mind !
 Never in nature were such beauties join'd :
 Without all shining, and within all white ;
 Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight ;
 Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
 And opening is with sweetest odours fill'd.
 As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
 So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed,
 To which excelling height she bore a mind
 Humble as osiers bending to the wind.
 Thus excellent she was——

Ah wretched fate ! She was, but is no more.
 Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

From that blest earth on which her body lies,
 May blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise :
 Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
 And ever-living laurel shade her tomb.
 Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
 Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there ;
 Thither let fairies with their train resort,
 Neglect their revels and their midnight sport,
 There, in unusual wailings, waste the night,
 And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
 Nor holly bush, nor bitter elders bow ;
 Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
 And distant dens receive each howling beast ;
 Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
 With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
 And nightingales in sweet complainings sing ;
 Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
 And sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to dye,
 That they may help to sing her elegy.

}
 Let

Let echo too, in mimic moan, deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more !

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

And see, the heav'ns to weep in due prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burd'ned air ;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lilly folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bow a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting
urn.

The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distractions rove ;
In prickly breaks their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails themselves the satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the
ground.

Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bear.

And see yond fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears,
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless Girdle from her waist :
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd !
See, how his sorrows swell his tender breast ;

VOL. II.

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142 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more!

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! For those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms.
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd, in balmy sleep, to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous death the shepherds has seiz'd.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

“ But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
“ With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight!
“ And

" And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
 " Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
 " While from her tomb behold a flame ascends
 " Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends !
 " On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as light
 " Cuts thro' the yielding air, with rays of light ;
 " 'Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
 " And fixing there, a glorious star remains :
*Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
 As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.*

TO THE
 K I N G,
 ON THE TAKING OF
 N A M U R E.
 IRREGULAR ODE.

Præsentî tibi Maturos largimur Honores ;
 Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.
 HOR. AD AUGUSTUM.

I.

OF arms and war my Muse aspires to sing,
 And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string :
 New fire informs my soul, unfelt before ;
 And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
 O pow'r unseen ! by whose resistless force
 Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course :
For

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144 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For fancy, wild and pathless ways will chuse,
Which judgment, rarely, or with pain, pursues.
Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds;
Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds,
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroic deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise
The list'ning world each whisper will besfriend
That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend.
The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.
Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;
For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whose exalted size,
From the deep vale extends, up to the vaulted skies:
A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
A thousand waking eyes, and ever open ears;
Hourly she stalks, with huge gigantic pace,
Measur'ing the globe, like time, with constant race:
Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise:
Of him, her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays,
Of him, her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall
gaze.

III.

But lo, a change astonishing my eyes!
And all around, behold new objects rise!
What forms are these I see? and whence?
Beings substantial? or does air condense,
To cloath in visionary shape my various thought?
Are these by fancy wrought?
Can strong idea's strike so deep the sense!
O sacred poesy! O boundless power!
What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds
explore.
Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,
What is not sought and seen, by thy all-piercing eye!

IV. 'Twas

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made,
 And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade ;
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
 Stood feeding by ; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
 Their armed heads for fight ; by fate of war to prove
 The victor worthy of the fair one's love.

Unthought presage, of what met next my view !

For soon the shady scene withdrew.

And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs ;
 Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls and lofty
 tow'rs !

Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd :
 With eager eyes, beholding both from far,
 Namure, the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does ev'ry chief and soldier's heart inflame.

Defensive arms, the Gallic forces bear ;

While hardy Britons for the storm prepare :
 For fortune had with partial hand, before.

Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.

High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
 Founded by fate ; and wrought by nature's hands.

A wond'rous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy cliffs, that strike the fight with pain,
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.

To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skill,
 (And great is human force and wit, in ill)

Are join'd ; on ev'ry tide, wide gaping engines wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate ;

Ready to hurl destruction from above,

In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.

Thus fearful, does the face of adverse pow'r appear ;

But British forces are unus'd to fear :

Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if William were not
 there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war ! Behold the storm begin !

The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,

Mingling shrill notes, with dreadful din

Of cannons burst, and rattling clash of arms.

Clamours

Clamours from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth
 rebound,
 Distinction, in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
 And echo lost in one continu'd sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
 Such flames the gulphs of Tartarus disgorge,
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze
 that broke,
 Red'ning with horrid gloom, the dusky smoke,
 When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder
 sweat,
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,
 Undaunted, undismay'd!
 With face serene, dispensing dread commands;
 Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
 A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;
 And burning balls hiss harmless by:
 For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
 Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
 Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
 Which dire revenge alone has pow'r to assuage;
 Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.
 And now with desperate force and fresh attack,
 Through obvious deaths, resistless way they make;
 Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
 And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
 As race of men inferior, may)
 The fam'd gigantic war.
 When those tall sons of earth, did heav'n aspire;
 (A brave, but impious fire!)
 Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
 To form the high and dreadful scale.
 The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
 Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
 Mountain on mountain thrown,
 With threat'ning hurl, that shook th' æthereal firma-
 ment!

Th' attempt, did fear in heav'n create;
 Ev'n Jove desponding fate,
 'Till Mars with all his force collected, stood,
 And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
 Who tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
 O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise,
 Mars, on the gods did then his aid bestow,
 And now in godlike William storms, with equal force
 below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,
 And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.
 With daring feet, on springing mines they tread
 Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
 Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring earth
 Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
 See, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
 Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is spread,
 And William's banner on the breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts, from every voice!
 The skies with acclamations ring!
 Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
 And rocks, reflected Io's sing!
 Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,
 Heroic harmony prepare,
 And charm to silence every wind,
 And glad the late tormented air.
 Far is the sound of martial music spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallic host
 Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm sur-
 vey'd:
 But they with wonder, or with awe, dismay'd,
 Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost.
 William, their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
 Such wond'rous charms, can godlike valour show!
 Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
 Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe.
 Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid
 And save from monster's rage, the beauteous maid;

Or

Or more heroic was the deed ;
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
 Than was Namur ; 'till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend my Muse, from thy too daring height,
 Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing ;
 For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted flight,
 And dost with pain of triumphs sing.
 More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds ;
 For war let more harmonious harps be strung :
 Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
 To Him who sung the Boyne ; or Him to whom he sung.

THE
 BIRTH of the MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

Dignum laude virum Musa metat mori. HORAT.

DESCEND, celestial Muse ! thy son inspire
 Of thee to sing ; infuse the holy fire.
 Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose ;
 Say, from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,
 Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down
 The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
 Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown. }

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace ;
 At once the rivals started to the race :

And

And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
 Or both to all eternity contend.
 One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
 And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,
 For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is strung;
 For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine,
 In thee their various fires united shine,
 Darling of Phoebus and the tuneful nine!
 To thee alone I dare my song commend,
 Whose nature can forgive, and pow'r defend,
 And shew by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,
 Thy song of right, does first to Jove belong:
 For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
 Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
 When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
 And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;
 Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
 Their rise and fall were destin'd by the fates.
 Then Time had first a name; by firm decree
 Appointed lord of all futurity.
 Within whose ample bosom fates repose
 Causes of things, and secret seeds enclose,
 Which ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,
 And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
 To him they give, to rule the spacious light,
 And bound the yet unparted day and night;
 To wing the hours that whirl the rowling sphere,
 To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.
 Duration of dominion and of pow'r
 To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
 This mighty rule, to Time the fates ordain,
 But yet to hard conditions bind his reign.
 For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
 (How good soe'er and grateful in his sight,)
 He must again to native earth restore,
 And all his race with iron teeth devour.
 Nor good, nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
 But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet, the loos'd earth aloft was slung,
 Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung.
 Nor yet, did golden fires the sun adorn,
 Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn.
 Nor yet, had Time commission to begin,
 Or fate, the many-twisted web to spin;
 When all the heav'nly host assembled came
 To view the world yet resting on its frame;
 Eager they press, to see the sire dismiss,
 And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
 Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,
 Once more his eyes on Time intente look,
 Again, inspect Fate's universal book.
 Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
 And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
 Where nature's bloom presents the golden age.
 The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,
 And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly shines.
 Of baser brass, the next denotes the times,
 An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
 The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
 And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
 Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
 The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,
 Who under him should govern human-kind.
 Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
 In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
 Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
 And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
 When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
 And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
 The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste:
 Together all in common ruins lie,
 And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.
 Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
 To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;

And

And forward search'd the roll, to find if fate
 Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
 Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
 And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
 But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
 And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
 Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
 But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
 The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
 And first and second Cæsar godlike great.
 Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
 And rising heroes still the search attend.
 Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd;
 When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
 And looks a Venus born from ocean's bed.
 For rowling years, her happy fortunes smile,
 And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
 To worlds remote, she wide extends her reign,
 And wields the trident of the stormy main.
 Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
 While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,
 And Fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.
 The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
 And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
 Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
 Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
 She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
 Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:
 Conscious, she seeks from day to shrowd her head,
 And glad wou'd shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
 In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
 Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
 And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
 Which kindling day, restores the darkned skies;
 And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
 And now its course to fair Britannia bends:

152 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen ! hail, auspicious sight !
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see ! a prince, whom dazzling arms array
Pursuing closely; plows the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming fear.

Britannia, rise ; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep ; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The Fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again, shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again, the wat'ry world thy rule obey ;
Again, thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name ;
For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires ;
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forwarn'd of their impending fate,
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well 'till now, might boast,
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes ;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main ;
A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
'Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot thro' with orient light.
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gave way,
The frantic brethren ravag'd all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores their rage resound ;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep :
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shews his awful head ;

The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where, heav'n serene, and air unmov'd appears.
The Rose and Lilly paint the verdant plains,
And Palm and Olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees.
The warbling birds applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phoebus beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whose nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace,

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelfy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows shrieks and orphans cries,
Torment the patient air and pierce the skies.
But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.
And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And prop'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign;
For

For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd—
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store,
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless fates on him have pow'r!
Or Time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuse,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
• Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears,
Th' assembled gods who long expecting stay'd,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish-for world was well delay'd. }
Nor did the fire himself his joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes,
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heav'nly fair bespoke.

To thee, Immortal Maid, from this blest'd hour,
O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded pow'r.
Thou, from oblivion shalt the hero save;
Shalt raise, revive, immortalize the brave.

To thee, the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;
 To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.
 Eliza sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
 And long as time, in sacred verse survive.
 And yet O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
 The first of men, mature for endless fame,
 Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
 Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
 On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
 Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
 Thro' him thy songs shall more sublime aspire;
 And he, thro' them, shall deathless fame acquire:
 Nor Time, nor fate his glory shall oppose,
 Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows.

This said; no more remain'd. Th' æthereal host,
 Again impatient croud the crystal coast.
 The father, now, within his spacious hands,
 Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;
 And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous sphere,
 He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

O N

Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT'S

S I N G I N G.

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
 And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
 Be calm, as in the arms of death.

And

156 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

And thou most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,

Be softly staid:

Let me be all, but my attention, dead:
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wond'rous balm, between her lips she weaves,
Of sov'reign force to soften cares;
And this thro' ev'ry ear she can impart,
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystic sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds,
But ah! beware of clam'rous moan:
Let no unpleasing murmur or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare:
Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boist'rous here.
Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

III.

And lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear,
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rey'rend shade:
An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,

Like

Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
 In fluid folds his visionary shape.
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs :
 While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark ! the heav'nly sphere turns round,
 And Silence now is drown'd
 In extasy of sound.
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd !
 And ev'ry soul with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the heav'nly choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care,
 Descending angels cull the thinnest air !
 Haste then come all th' immortal throng,
 And listen to her song ;
 Leave your lov'd mansions, in the sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly ;
 Your loss of heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
 While she sings, 'tis heav'n here.

V.

See how they croud, see how the little cherubs skip !
 While others sit around her mouth, and sip
 Sweet hallelujahs from her lip.
 Those lips, where in surpris of bliss they rove ;
 For ne'er before did angels taste
 So exquisite a feast,
 Of music and of love.
 Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
 Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
 And with her voice in chorus join,
 Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
 Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
 And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
 Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
 To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach ;
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
 Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness :
 Of all, of all, but of the present happiness :

Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

P R I A M ' S
LAMENTATION and PETITION

T O

ACHILLES, for the Body of his Son
HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, *Ἰλιάδ. ω.*

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλύμπου
Ἑρμείας :

Argument introductory to this Translation.

Hector's body, (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by no body but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot,

chariot, unobserved, through the guards, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short instruction, how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

SO spake the god, and heav'nward took his flight :

When Priam from his chariot did alight ;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With solemn pace, into Achilles' tent.
Heedless, he pass'd thro' various rooms of state,
Until approaching where the hero sat ;
There at a feast, the good old Priam found
Jove's best belov'd, with all his chiefs around :
Two only were t'attend his person plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus ; the rest
At greater distance, greater state express'd.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu'd,
And first of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
And agonizing grasp'd and held 'em fast ;
Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close,
'Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes ;
'Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost
Much of his blood (for many sons he lost.)

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And seeking refuge, does from justice run ;
Ent'ring some house, in haste, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers on ;
So did Achilles gaze, surpriz'd to see
The godlike Priam's royal misery ;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes,
'Till he at length the solemn silence broke ;
And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old ;
Think on your father, and then look on me,
His hoary age and helpless person see ;
So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
Such, and so many his declining years ;

Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
 Cou'd you imagine such, his misery !
 Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
 And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste ;
 Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
 Who will no mercy, no compassion show,
 Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
 And seek protection, where no help is nigh.
 In vain, he may your fatal absence mourn,
 And wish in vain for your delay'd return ;
 Yet, that he hears you live, is some relief ;
 Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief.
 It glads his soul to think, he once may see
 His much-lov'd son ; would that were granted me ;
 But I, most wretched I ! of all bereft !
 Of all my worthy sons, how few are left !
 Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
 When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast :
 Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
 Are now, alas ! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
 Merciless war, this devastation wrought,
 And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
 My age's comfort, and his country's prop ;
 Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
 Whose life alone, their deaths could recompence ;
 And, to complete my store of countless woe,
 Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too !
 For his sake only, hither am I come ;
 Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum ;
 All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
 A worthless ransom for so brave a son.

Fear the just gods, Achilles ; and on me
 With pity look, think you your father see ;
 Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
 I can no equal have in miseries ;
 Of all mankind, most wretched and forlorn,
 Bow'd with such weight, as never has been borne ;
 Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 The spring and source of all my sorrows come ;
 With gifts, to court mine and my country's bane,
 And kiss those hands, which have my children slain.

He

He spake.——

Now, sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
 Priam he views, and for his father fears :
 That, and compassion melt him into tears.
 Then, gently with his hand he put away
 Old Priam's face, but he still prostrate lay,
 And there with tears, and sighs, afresh begun
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.
 But passion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
 Now, he Patroclus, now, his father mourns :
 Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
 Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

}

THE
 LAMENTATIONS
 OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, and HELEN,

Over the dead Body of HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, *Ἰλιάδ. ω.*

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦες δὲ κρηόσι πᾶσι ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἰπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former Translation:

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in

in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp; he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the saffron morn her beams display,
 Gilding the face of universal day;
 When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
 Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
 The mules, beneath the mangled body go,
 As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
 To Pergamus high top Cassandra flies,
 Thence, she afar the sad procession spies:
 Her father and Idæus first appear,
 Then Hector's corps extended on a bier;
 At which, her boundless grief loud cries began,
 And, thus lamenting, thro' the streets she ran:
Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
If e'er you went with joy, to see him come
Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
What once was all your joy, now all your misery!

She spake, and strait the num'rous croud obey'd,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the city staid;
 Common consent of grief had made 'em one,
 With clam'rous moan to Scæas gate they run,
 There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
 Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings greet.
 His rev'rend mother, and his tender wife,
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
 Aloud they beat their breasts and tore their hair,
 Bending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now had the throng of people stopt the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day,

But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,
Trojans enough; truce with your sorrows make;
Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;
First let me bear my Hector's body home,
Then mourn your fill. At this the croud gave way,
 Yielding, like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid,
 With care the body on a sumptuous bed,
 And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
 Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
 Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
 Of universal, mournful harmony.
 When, first, Andromache, her passion broke,
 And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S Lamentation.

O my lost husband! let me ever mourn
 Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
 In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
 And thou in ashes must with them be laid.

Why is my heart thus miserably torn!
 Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!
 Am I that wretched thing, a widow left?
 Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
 Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;
 Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
 Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurst;
 Why were you born?—I am with blessings curst!
 For long e'er thou shalt be to manhood grown,
 Wide desolation will lay waste this town:
 Who is there now that can protection give,
 Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
 Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
 Who save her children from the rage of war?
 For He to all father and husband was,
 And all are orphans now, and widows by his loss.
 Soon will the Grecians, now, insulting come,
 And bear us captives to their distant home;
 I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
 And all alike, be pris'ners of the war;

'Mongst

'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
 And be to some inhuman lord, a slave.
 Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
 Or for an only son, or father kill'd
 By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;
 For many fell by his relentless hand,
 Biting that ground, which with their blood was stain'd.

Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
 And never did his foe in battle spare;
 Thence come these suff'rings, which so much have cost,
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
 I saw him not, when in the pangs of death,
 Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;
 Why held he not to me his dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I his last command?
 Something he would have said, had I been there,
 Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
 For I could never, never words forget,
 Which night and day I should with tears repeat.

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around,
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.

Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
 With boiling passions in her aged breast,
 Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
 A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S Lamentation.

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
 Than all my other num'rous issue were;
 O my last comfort, and my best lov'd!
 Thou, at whose fall, ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,
 And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
 So far thou wert high heav'n's peculiar care!
 From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed;
 So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
 My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
 Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.

Thou

Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
 And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
 His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain ;
 And yet that cruelty was urg'd in vain,
 Since all could not restore his life again.
 Now fresh and glowing, even in death thou art,
 And fair as he who fell by Phoebus' dart.

}

Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
 And universal moan again was made ;
 When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S Lamentation.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
 No brother there had half so large a part :
 Not less than twenty years are now past o'er,
 Since first I landed on the Trojan shore ;
 Since I with godlike Paris fled from home ;
 (Would I had dy'd before that day had come !)
 In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
 I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind ;
 Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
 Which I too often have from others borne.
 But you from their reproach still set me free,
 And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty ;
 If by my sisters, or the queen revil'd,
 (For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
 Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
 Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
 Who had no friend alive, but you alone :
 All will reproach me now, where-e'er I pass,
 And fly with horror from my hated face.
 This said, she wept, and the vast throng was mov'd,
 And with a gen'ral sigh her grief approv'd.
 When Priam (who had heard the mourning croud)
 Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud.

}

*Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
 And fell down trees to build a fun'ral pile ;
 Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
 For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.*

He spake, and all obey'd as with one mind,
 Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
 Forth from the city all the people went,
 And nine days space was in that labour spent;
 The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
 And on the top the manly Hector laid,
 Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
 Beheld the rolling flames and smoak arise.
 All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
 But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
 About the pile the thronging people came,
 And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
 His brothers then, and friends search'd ev'ry where,
 And gath'ring up his snowy bones with care,
 Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
 Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
 In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
 Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
 Mean time, strong guards were plac'd, and careful
 spies,
 To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprize.
 The work once ended, all the vast resort
 Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
 There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest;
 Ending the fun'ral with a solemn feast.

P A R A P H R A S E

U P O N

H O R A C E.

O D E XIX. LIB. I.

Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,
 With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
 And wanton ease, conspires
 To make my heart its peace resign,
 And re-admit love's long rejected fires.
 For beauteous Glycera I burn,
 The flames so long repell'd with double force return:
 Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
 Than polish'd marble when reflecting light;
 Her very coyness warms;
 And with a grateful fullness she charms:
 Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
 Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays,
 My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
 Cyprus no more with her abode is blest,
 I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
 Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
 Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
 And make rough war their sport;
 Such idle themes no more can move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high import:
 And what's of high import, but love?
 Vervain and guns, and the green turf prepare;
 With wine of two years old, your cups be fill'd;
 After our sacrifice and pray'r,
 The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

Y 2

S T A N-

S T A N Z A S

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which Time himself can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd pace,) C
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.
Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou cou'dst for sacrifice lay down T
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms, T

In

In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions, and regret to die :
 From the contagion of mortality,
 No clime is pure, no air is free :
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas ! thou must, my friend ;
 (The very hour thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life ;
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost ;
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots and bow'rs,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,
 Nought shalt thou save ;
 Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
 To wither with thee in the grave :
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir,
 A joyful mourning wear :
 And riot in the waste of that estate
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
 All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
 And set at large thy captive gold.
 That precious wine condemn'd by thee
 To vaults and prisons, shall again be free :
 Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
 Again shall rise,
 Again its sparkling surface show,
 And free as element, profusely flow.

With

With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
 - That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
 And pamper'd prelates see
 Themselves out-done in luxury.

I N

IMITATION of HORACE.

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
 How naked does the world appear!
 But see (big with the offspring of the North)
 The teeming clouds bring forth:
 A show'r of soft and fleecy rain
 Falls, to new cloath the earth again.
 Behold the mountain tops around,
 As if with fur of ermines crown'd:
 And lo! how by degrees
 The universal mantle hides the trees,
 In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
 As if it were the autumn of the sky:
 Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
 Like aged limbs, which feebly go
 Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
 Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
 And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
 Let chearful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
 Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
 Let's drink, 'till our own faces shine,
 'Till we like suns appear,
 To light and warm the hemisphere.

Wine

Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
 They are with wine incorporate :
 That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix ;
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
 'Tis heav'n's concern ; and let it be
 The care of heav'n still, for me :
 These winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
 That is not our's which is to come.
 The present moment's all our store :
 The next, should heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more :
 So all our life is but one instant *now*.
 Look on each day you've past
 To be a mighty treasure won :
 And lay each moment out in haste ;
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon.
 Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepid age will fly ;
 The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,
 In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
 To revel while you may in soft delights :
 Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
 Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
 Slowly she promises at night to meet,
 But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet,
 To gloomy groves and obscure shades she flies,
 There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
 Would more unwillingly depart,
 And in soft sighs conveys
 The whispers of her heart.
 Still she invites and still denies,
 And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude ;

Then from her ravisher she flies,
 But flies to be pursu'd :
 If from his sight she does herself convey,
 With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.

S O N G.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,
 And very fain would have been at her ;
 But when I strove most my great passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I wou'd try
 Some way my poor heart to recover ;
 But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia be kind then ; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither shou'd
 speak,
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing.

T H E
RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia, love pretended,
And pam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

*To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and insincere.*

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Citherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise encrease desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.*

A B S E N C E.

AH! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
 In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
 And think on hours that will no more return.
 Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
 Save me from absence, love, or let me die.

S O N G.

FALSE though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

S O N G,

In Dialogue for Two Women.

1. I Love, and am belov'd again,
 Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
 I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
 And all my coyness bid adieu.
2. I love, and am belov'd again,
 Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;

I'm

I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is compleat in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

Chorus of both.

*Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire:
And granting desire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.*

S O N G.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That Cloe's false and common:
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman;
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

T H E
P E T I T I O N.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear blessing e'er I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some blifs obtain.

Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the god reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, Love himself's no more.

S O N G.

I.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles:
No wretches are so lost as they,
Whom much security beguiles.

SONG.

MS A O N G.

I.

SEE, see she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates e'er night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

Occasioned on a Lady's having writ Verses
in Commendation of a Poem which was
written in Praise of another Lady.

HARD is the task, and bold th' adventurous flight
Of him who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he who, praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPI-

E P I G R A M

WRITTEN

After the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT,
under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest with skill divine !
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

S O N G.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'rs,
If I but ask the favour ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a faint,
Or I of her a finner.

A HYMN

A
H Y M N
T O
H A R M O N Y.

IN HONOUR OF

St. CECILIA's DAY, 1701.

Set to Music by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O Harmony, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.

All hail to thee

All-pow'rful Harmony!

Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wond'rous works resigning to thy care;
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee

All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyfs profound,
Explore the realms of antient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

Then

1180 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heav'n and earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never ceasing, never silent choir.

CHORUS.

*Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.*

III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heav'nly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the muses sung:
Then first the muses sung; melodious strains Apollo
plaid,
And music first begun by thy auspicious aid.
Hark, hark, again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the list'ning deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

CHORUS.

*Hark, hark, again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the list'ning deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.*

IV.

Descend Urania, heav'nly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how with various woes oppress'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

*Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.*

V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In ev'ry breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd :
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

*'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.*

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fives are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

CHORUS.

*War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.*

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes
 Her parting lover mourn ;
 She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
 And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
 Bewailing past delights
 That may no more, no never more return.

O soothe her cares
 With softest, sweetest airs,
 'Till victory and peace restore
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

*Let victory and peace restore
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No never to be parted more.*

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heav'nly fair !
 Now to thy native skies repair,
 And rule again the starry sphere ;
 Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
 To ease the world of care.
 Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd !
 Phoebus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and lawrel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies ;
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

*Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd !
 Phoebus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and lawrel crown.*

*The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal music never dies.*

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, intitl'd

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space,
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Who e'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live, so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study, or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise!
When having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age

184 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ætherial source from whence this current flows !
When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly minister we strait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She sings, amid the choir of seraphims ;
Or some refulgent star informs, and guides,
Where she, the blest intelligence, presides ;
Is not for us to know who here remain ;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain :
And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

RELIGIOUS CELESTIAL

After a painful life in this world,
The learner's mind is now at rest ;
And aged men, whose lives are past,
Which seem the longest of the race,
With hoary heads, their long experience
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live,
So hard it is to know the way to heaven,
So frail is life, and so uncertain gain,
Who'er on this restless, and unsteady
With first attention, with the book of life,
With admiration track, that path who
So very long could live, to reach to know,
For to complete the saint's career,
That learning seems combin'd with labour of years,
And both improv'd by patient toil to reach
At last the goal, or that time can reach,
But to what height must his advancement rise,
When having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the toilsome path of life,
And there the beauty, truth, and wonder see.

EPI

E P I T A P H

ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of Stanton Har-
court, Esq. and ROBERT his Son.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and son, together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

What man shou'd be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth shou'd do, or shun,
At full was in the father shown!
What youth cou'd promise, in the son.

But death obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit, and op'ning bud:
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

T O

Mr. D R Y D E N,

On his TRANSLATION of

P E R S I U S.

AS when of old heroic story tells
 Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
 'Till future time the destin'd hero send,
 By whom, the dire enchantment is to end:
 Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
 Thou great revealer of dark poetry.

Those fullen clouds, which have for ages past,
 O'er Persius's too-long-suff'ring muse been cast,
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,
 And, in their room, bright tracts of light are seen.
 Sure Phœbus self thy swelling breast inspires,
 The god of music, and poetic fires:
 Else, whence proceeds this great surprize of light!
 How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!

Our wonder, now, does our past folly show,
 Vainly contemning what we did not know:
 So, unbelievers impiously despise
 The sacred oracles, in mysteries.
 Persius, before, in small esteem was had,
 Unless, what to antiquity is paid;
 But like apocrypha, with scruple read,
 (So far, our ignorance, our faith misled)
 'Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
 To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
 For more than its intrinick worth will pass:
 So your bright image, which we here behold,
 Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.

T.

POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

187

To you, we, all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines :
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him :
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives ;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So, stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
'Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal ;
But thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire,
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

The

To

The ELEVENTH SATIRE of JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shews us, the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare, of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men, in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness, in the care of heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the by, touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures.

He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

IF noble Atticus * make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests;
His wealth and quality support the treat:
Nor is it luxury in him, but state.
But when poor ² Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
'Tis down-right madness; for what greater jests,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd ³ by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongst common fencers, practises the trade,
That end debasing, for which arms were made;
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same ⁴ wretched kind,
Whom, their despairing creditors, may find
Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whose sole bliss, is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: of these,
The poorest wretch, is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags, declare
How much, his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ransack ev'ry element, for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price;
If brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;

'Till forc'd of mere necessity, to eat,
 He comes to pawn his dish, to buy his meat.
 Nothing of silver, or of gold he spares,
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
 The broken ' relic, he with speed devours,
 As he wou'd all the rest of's ancestors,
 If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
 Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger, soon, and want he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
 Fencers, for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now, you see a plenteous feast:
 The question is, at whose expence 'tis dress'd.
 In great ^o Ventidius, we, the bounty prize;
 In Rutilus, the vanity despise.
 Strange ignorance! that the same man, who knows
 How far yond' mount above this mole-hill shows,
 Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!
 From heav'n to mortals, sure, that rule was sent,
 Of *know thyself*, and by some god was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Through all the various courses, which we steer,
 Thermites, ⁷ though the most presumptuous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
 When scarce ⁸ Ulysses had a good pretence,
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
 Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
 And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
 For harmony of words, and force of sense;
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.

If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
 Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
 And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
 To which necessity confines thy price.
 Well may they fear some miserable end,
 Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
 Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd *all*,
 Both land and stock, int'rest and principal:

Well

Well may they fear, at length, vile ⁹ Pollio's fate,
 Who sold his very ring, to purchase meat;
 And tho' a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands,
 Begging an alms, with undistinguish'd hands.
 Sure sudden death to such shou'd welcome be,
 On whom, each added year heaps misery,
 Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy. }
 But there are steps in villany, which these
 Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
 Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
 Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
 But that and their small stock of credit gone,
 Left Rome should grow too warm, from thence they
 run;

For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
 For debt and roguery to quit the town,
 Than in the midst of Summer's scorching heat,
 From crouds and noise, and business to retreat.
 One only grief such fugitives can find;
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
 The plays and loose diversions of the place,
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of count'nance virtue's fled from earth;
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
 She's with ¹⁰ Aftrea gone, not to return.

This day, my ¹¹ Perficus, thou shalt perceive }
 Whether, myself I keep those rules I give,
 Or else, an unsuspected glutton live;
 If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
 In public, yet in private gormandize.
 Evander's ¹² feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see; }
 The poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
 Alcides ¹³ and Æneas both to me. }
 Mean time, I send you now your bill of fare;
 Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:
 For nothing from the shambles I provide,
 But from my own small farm, the tend'rest kid
 And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
 That ne'er had nourishment, but from the teat;
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.

Next that, shall mountain sparagus be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country-maid.
 The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
 Together with the hens which laid 'em, drest;
 Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
 Which, plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
 Apples, of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair;
 Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
 Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
 Accounted riot, in a senator:
 When the good ¹⁴ Curius thought it no disgrace,
 With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress;
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
 Which fetter'd slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;
 For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
 The well-dress'd ¹⁵ paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
 On birth-days, festivals, or days of state;
 A salt, dry fitch of bacon to prepare:
 If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
 Which rarely hap'ned: and twas highly priz'd
 If ¹⁶ ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
 To entertainments of this kind, wou'd come
 The worthiest, and the greatest men in Rome;
 Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
 But those who had at least thrice ¹⁷ Consuls been;
 Or the ¹⁸ Dictator's office had discharg'd,
 And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
 Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
 Humbling themselves to those they might command,
 Then might y'have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
 Before th' appointed ¹⁹ hour, to such a feast;
 His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
 Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
 'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,
 And vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay.
 Our ²⁰ Censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n pow'r itself, of just ce stood in awe.
 It was not then, a Roman's anxious thought,
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,

Where

Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his ²¹ bed,
 That he at vast expence might loll his head,
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
 The soldier then, in ²² Græcian arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with plunder, from the field:
 If cups of silver, or of gold he brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trappings, straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd;
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
 The Roman Wolf, suckling the ²³ twins was there,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
 Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
 As threat'ning death, to each resisting foe.
 No use of silver, but in arms was known,
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
 No side-boards then, with gilded plate were dress'd,
 No sweating slaves, with massive dishes press'd;
 Expensive riot was not understood,
 But earthen platters held their homely food.
 Who wou'd not envy them, that age of bliss,
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?
*Heav'n unwearied then, did blessings pour,
 And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
 Mankind were then familiar with the God,
 He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
 And wou'd have still been bounteous, as of old,
 Had we not left him for that idol, gold.*
*His golden ²⁴ statues, hence the god have driv'n;
 For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heav'n.*
 Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
 But let it on an oaken board be set,
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your venson's rank, or ²⁵ ointments stink.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something, at great expence in India bought,

194 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Beneath whose orb, large yawning panthers lie,
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of ²⁶ ivory :
 He finds no more of that offensive smell,
 The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
 An iv'ry table is a certain whet ;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those o'th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me ;
 Riot agrees not with frugality ;
 Then, that unfashionable man am I,
 With me they'd starve, for want of ivory :
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,
 Not in my very tables, or chefs-board :
 Of bone, the handles of my knives are made,
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
 Or what I carve ; nor is there ever left
 Any unsav'ry haut-gout from the haft.

A hearty welcome, to plain wholesome meat,
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state ;
 No sew'rs, nor dextrous carvers have I got,
 Such as by skilful ²⁷ Trypherus are taught :
 In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
 Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o'th' air ;
 And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
 How to dissect, and the nice joints discern ;
 While all the neighb'rhood are with noise oppress'd,
 From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
 On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
 On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
 At once my carver, and my ²⁸ ganymede ;
 With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
 And in plain beechen vessels, fill our wine.
 No beauteous boys I keep, from ²⁹ Phrygia brought,
 No Catamites, by shameful Pandars taught :
 Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
 Unkill'd in any but their mother-tongue ;
 Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
 With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.

Of

Of country swains they both were born, and one
 My ploughman's is, t'other my shepherd's son;
 A chearful sweetness in his looks he has,
 And innocence unartful in his face:
 Tho' sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
 His absence from his mother, oft' he'll mourn,
 And with his eyes look wishes to return.
 Longing to see his tender kids again,
 And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
 Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born,
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn. }
 This youth, to-day shall my small treat attend,
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
 With wine from his own country brought, and made }
 From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
 With am'rous songs and 3^o wanton dances grac'd;
 Where sprightly females, to the middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
 And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
 Such sights, the languid nerves to action stir,
 And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
 Virtue³ would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold;
 A needful help, to make 'em both approve
 The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
 In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
 But she, who by her sex's charter, must
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
 Apace she warms, with an immod'rate heat,
 Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
 With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips she lies,
 With arms expanded, and with naked thighs, }
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
 But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
 These are the vicious follies of the great.

Let

Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
 Whose marble floors, with drunken spawlings shine ;
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
 The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
 With bashful indignation wou'd refuse.
 But fortune, there, extenuates the crime ;
 What's vice in me, is only mirth in him :
 The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
 A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
 Are laudable diversions in a lord. }

But my poor entertainment is design'd
 T' afford you pleasures of another kind :
 Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
 And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's read ;
 Either of whom does all mankind excel,
 Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
 It matters not with what ill tone they're sung,
 Verse so sublimely good, no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
 Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may
 To peace and soft repose, give all the day. }
 From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
 Be free, be all uneasy passions still.
 What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
 (When thou in vain has toil'd and drudg'd all night)
 Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
 And having quench'd her flame, come breathless home,
 Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare ;
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
 Half-drown'd in sin, still burning in desire :
 Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent ;
 Nay, if you wou'd be free, from night alarms,
 You must seem fond, and doating on her charms, }
 Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
 At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot ;
 All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
 The wife's adult'ry, with the servants theft ;

. And

And (the most racking thought, which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While ²² Megalensian shows are in the ²³ Circus seen:
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The ²⁴ Prætor sits, on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns, and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest, from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echos already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—*Away, away,*
The ²⁵ green have won the honour of the day.

Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of ²⁶ sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of ²⁷ Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the Bath repair,
Nor need we now the common ²⁸ censure fear:
On festivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bathe, and eat, before the usual time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent use would the delight exclude:
Pleasure's a toil, when constantly pursu'd.

Explanatory NOTES on the foregoing SATIRE.

1 *ATTICUS*. The name of a very eminent person in Rome : but here it is meant to signify any one of great wealth and quality.

2 *Rutilus*. One who by his own extravagant gluttony, was at length reduced to the most shameful degree of poverty. This likewise is here made use of, as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, such whose unreasonable appetites remain after their estates are consumed.

3 *Urg'd by no power, restrain'd by no advice*. Sometimes persons were compelled, by the tyranny of Nero, to practise the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the stage, for his inhuman diversion ; otherwise, seldom any but common slaves or condemned malefactors were so employed : which made it the greater reflection on any person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own extravagance, for a livelihood (like Rutilus) applied himself to that wretched trade.

Restrain'd by no advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compelled to such a practice of fencing ; yet it was a shame that he was suffered to undertake it, and not advised, or commanded by the magistracy, to the contrary.

4 *Of the same wretched kind, viz.*
Reduced to poverty by riotous living.

5 *The broken reliick*.
Broken or defaced ; that it might not be discovered to be his mother's picture, when exposed to sale.

6 *Ventidius*. A noble Roman, who lived hospitably.

7 *Thersites*. An impudent, deformed, ill-tongued fellow, (as Homer describes him, *Iliad* 2.) who accompanied the Grecian army to the siege of Troy ; where he took a privilege often to rail and snarl at the commanders. Some relate, that at last Achilles, for his sawciness, killed him with a blow of his fist. Therefore we are not to understand Juvenal, here, as relating a matter of fact ; but Thersites is used here, to signify any body of the same kind : as before, Atticus and

and Rutilus. The meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses in contending for Achilles his armour. See his character admirably improved by Mr. Dryden in his Tragedy of Truth found too late.

8 *Ulysses*. The most eloquent of all the Grecian princes. After Achilles death, Ajax, a famed Grecian warrior pretended to his armour; Ulysses opposed him, before a council of war, and by his admirable eloquence obtained the prize. OVID. METAM. 13.

9 *Pollis*. Brought to that pass, by his gluttony; that he was forced to sell his ring, the mark of honour and distinction, worn by Roman knights.

10 *Astrea*. The Goddess of Justice, whom the poets feign to have fled to heaven after the Golden Age.

Ultima cœlestium terras Astrea reliquit. OVID.

11 *Persicus*. Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addresses this satire.

12 *Evander*. A prince of Arcadia, who unluckily killing his father, forsook his own country, and came into Italy; settling in that place, where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil, *Æn.* 8. tells us that he entertained both Hercules and Æneas, when he was in a low condition.

13 *Alcides*. Hercules, so called from his grandfather Alcæus.

14 *Curius Dentatus*. A great man who had been three times consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance as courage.

15 A dish in great esteem among the Romans.

Nil Pulva pulcrius ampla. HORAT.

16 If they killed a sacrifice, and any flesh remained to spare, it was prized as an accidental rarity.

17 *Consul*. By the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus, (the last Roman king) the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulsion, they assembled, and resolved to commit the government for the future, into the hands of two persons, who were to be chosen every year anew, and whom they called consuls.

18 *Dictator*. Was a General chosen upon some emergent occasion; his office was limited to six months;

which time expired, (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new election. The dictator differed in nothing from a king, but in his name, and the duration of his authority : his power being full as great, but his name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 *Before th' appointed hour.*

It was accounted greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual hour, which was their ninth hour ; and our three o'clock, afternoon. But upon festival days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary hour ; and always excusable in old people.

20 *Censors.* Were two great officers, part of whose business was to inspect the lives and manners of men ; they had power to degrade knights and exclude senators, when guilty of great misdemeanours : and in former days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the Roman's eating, was to lie upon beds or couches about the table, which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards at great expence, adorned with tortoise-shells, pearls, and ivory.

22 *Grecian Arts.* The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks ; the imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this saying, with so much indignation in our poet, Sat. 3.

— *Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem* —

23 *Romulus and Remus.* Twins, and founders of the Roman empire ; whom the poets feign were nursed by a wolf : the woman's name being Lupa.

24 Formerly the statues of the gods were made of clay : but now of gold. Which extravagance was displeasing even to the gods themselves.

25 The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet ointments, at their feasts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferred to silver.

27 *Trypherus.* There were in Rome, professors of the art of carving ; who taught publickly in schools. Of this kind, Trypherus was the most famous.

28 *Ganymede.* Cup-bearer.

Phrygia.

29 *Phrygia*. Whence pretty boys were brought to Rome, and sold publickly in the markets, to vile purposes.

30 An usual part of the entertainment, when great men feasted, to have wanton women dance after a lascivious manner.

31 *Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold.*

These lines in Juvenal,

Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,

Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis,

in some late editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this Satire: and in the order of this translation, would so have followed, after line 349, viz.

Such shows as these, were not for us design'd,

But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.

But I have continued them in this place after *Lubin*. Besides, the example of the learned *Holyday* for the same position; agreeing better here, in my mind, with the sense both before and after. For the *Megalensian* games consisting chiefly of races, and such like exercises, I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of shame lay in female spectators: but it was a manifest immodesty for them to lye by their husbands, and see the lewd actions of their own sex, in the manner described.

32 *Megalensian Shows*. Games in honour of *Cybele*, the mother of the gods. She was called *μεγάλη μήτηρ*, *Magna Mater*, and from thence these games *Megalesia*, or *Ludi Megalenses*; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six days.

33 *Circus*. The place where those games were celebrated.

34 *Prætor*. An officer not unlike our mayor or sheriff. He was to oversee these sports, and sate in great state, while they were acting; to the destruction of many horses, which were spoiled in running the races.

35 *The green have won the honour of the day.*

In running the races in the *Circus*, with horses in chariots; there were four distinct factions, known by their liveries: which were green, a kind of russet red, white, and blue. One of these factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the green;

green; which makes our post fancy he hears the
shouts, for joy of their party. Afterward Domitian
added two more, the golden and purple factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate fondness the Ro-
mans had for such shows.

37 *Cannæ*. A small town, near which Hannibal
obtained a great victory over the Romans: in that
battle were slain 40000 men, and so many gentlemen
that he sent three bushels full of rings to Carthage, as
a token of his victory.

38 See the notes at fig. 19.

PRO.

PROLOGUE

T O

QUEEN MARY,

Upon her Majesty's coming to see the OLD BAT-
CHELOR, after having seen the DOUBLE-DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of majesty ;
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival antient theatres.
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell ;
But this we know, our audience will excel :
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a queen.

Long has the muses land been over-cast,
And many rough and stormy winters past ;
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light :
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold :
So does it still through opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow :
But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,
On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts wou'd spare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal presence flows.

O wou'd she shine with rays more frequent here !
How gay wou'd then, this drooping land appear !
Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view,
The smiling earth, cloath'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads, shou'd various flowers be seen
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious queen.

EPI.

E P I L O G U E

A T T H E

Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-
Market, with an Italian Pastoral.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

Whatever future fate our house may find,
At present we expect you shou'd be kind :
Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You must be fixt a little e'er you range,
You must be true till you have time to change.
A week at least ; one night is sure too soon,
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas ! or who, is always new ?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd ;
For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and *one* constant woman.
In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
Of harmless loves our painted forests ring
In notes, perhaps less foreign than the thing.
To sound and show at first we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with some sense,
But that, at present were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd :
But in good breeding, sure, they'll once excuse,
Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger muse.
The day's at hand, when we shall shift the scene,
And to yourselves shew your dear selves again :
Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

T O

PYRRHUS King of EPIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art ; }
 For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part ; }
 And a good head, more useful than a heart.
 This way of war, does our example yield ;
 That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
 We mean not battle, when we bid defiance ;
 But starving one another to compliance.
 Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
 And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.
 And there, in truth, depends the great decision :
 They conquer, who cut off the foe's provision.
 Let fools, with knocks and bruises, keep a pother ;
 Our war and trade, is to out-wit each other.
 But, hold : will not the politicians tell us,
 That both our conduct, and our foresight, fail us,
 To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,
 Thus, in the dead vacation of the town ?
 To muster up our rhymes, without our reason,
 And forage for an audience out of season ?
 Our author's fears must this false step excuse ;
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd muse :
 Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away ;
 Half wits and beaux, those rav'nous birds of prey.
 But, heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
 Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
 Thus does our author his first flight commence ;
 Thus, against friends at first, with foils we fence :
 Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
 ('Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
 Then spare the youth ; or if you'll damn the play,
 Let him but first have his ; then take your day.

E P I L O G U E
T O

O R O O N O K O.

Spoken by Mrs. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
 To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
 We weep and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
 Like rain and sunshine mixt, in April weather.
 Your different tastes divide our poet's cares :
 One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears :
 Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
 Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
 Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books :
 But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
 Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
 Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
 To follow fame, knights-errant make profession :
 We damsels fly, to save our reputation :
 So they, their valour show, we, our discretion. }
 To lands of monsters, and fierce beasts they go. }
 We, to those islands where rich husbands grow : }
 Tho' they're no monsters, we may make 'em so. }
 If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with pa-
 tience :
 But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations !
 Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
 Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives :
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
 Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
 Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms.
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding :
 Poor soul ! she wanted some of our town breeding.
 Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse ;
 Their law no christian liberty allows :
 Alas ! they make a conscience of their vows !

if

If virtue in a Heathen be a fault ;
 Then damn the Heathen school, where she was taught.
 She might have learnt to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

P R O L O G U E

T O

The HUSBAND his own CUCKOLD.

A COMEDY written by Mr. J. DRYDEN, Junior.

THIS Year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets, and for blasted plays,
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.
 Our authors too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.
 What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
 Unless they have a rot some years like sheep ?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite ashamed
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
 When christnings fall, and funerals encrease.
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things ?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height,
 'Odslife you don't know what you do, Sirs, when you
 write.

You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
 Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride :
 Ladies and all, I'faith, now get astride.
 Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
 Is grown as common now, as knitting knots ;

D d 2

With

With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
 The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
 Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade :
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd stop,
 But shou'd they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink?
 A mode, said I? 'Tis a disease, I think, }
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink :
 For still it spreads, 'till each th' infection takes,
 And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these, }
 Nor should you damn it, tho' it does not please,
 Since born without the bounds of your four seas.
 For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
 Yet as a stranger, there is something due :
 From Rome (to try it's fate) this play was sent,
 Start not at Rome, for there's no popery meant ;
 Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuse,
 Yet still he knows his country claims his muse.
 Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
 Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown, }
 As due to greater merit than his own,
 And begs the fire may for the son atone.
 There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

C O U R T,

O N T H E

Q U E E N ' s B I R T H - D A Y , 1704.

THE happy muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes she wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:
 While ignorance and malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the Satyr's
 mask.

Happy her future days! which are design'd
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.
 By just originals to draw with care,
 And copy from the court a faultless fair:
 Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
 And shame to manners an incorrigible town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,
 Such various virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix, or which to choose. }
 Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
 One only awes her with superior light.
 From that attempt the conscious muse retires, }
 Nor to inimitable worth aspires;
 But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

210 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
That first enliven'd this auspicious day :
On that bright star, to whose indulgent pow'r
We owe the blessings of the present hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date :
Whence we derive whatever we possess,
By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.

Then, Britain, then thy dawn of bliss begun :
Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun !
Then was it doom'd whose councils shou'd succeed ;
And by whose arm the christian world be freed ;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious
field.

THE

T H E
T E A R S
O F
AMARYLLIS for AMYNTAS.
A
P A S T O R A L.

Lamenting the Death of the late Lord Mar-
quis of BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lord GODOL-
PHIN, Lord High-Treasurer of England.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbra

Amisfos queritur fetus —————

—————miserabile Carmen

Integrat, & mœstis late loca quæstibus implet.

VIRG. GEORG. 4.

'T WAS at the time, when new returning light,
With welcome rays begins to chear the fight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forfook her myrtle bow'r and rosy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas
dead.

Who

Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
 And did not weep? Who such relentless eyes?
 Tygers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
 And dumb distress and new compassion shew,
 As taught by her to taste of human woe. }
 Nature herself attentive silence kept,
 And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
 The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
 And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
 Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
 Lest repetition should her accents drown;
 The very morning wind with-held his breeze,
 Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
 As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
 And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.
 No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murmur'ing groan,
 Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
 Her cries alone her anguish could express,
 All other mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cry'd, ye nymphs and sylvan gods,
 Inhabitants of these once lov'd abodes;
 Hear my distress and lend a pitying ear,
 Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
 The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
 And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.

Have I not cause, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?
 Lives there like me, another wretch forlorn?
 Tell me, thou Sun that round the world dost shine,
 Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
 Ye Winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
 And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
 Tell me, if e'er your tender pinions bore
 Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs before?
 Tell me, thou Earth, on whose wide-spreading base
 The wretched load is laid of human race,
 Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress?
 Lye all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
 When hoary Winter on thy shrinking head
 His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,
 Hast thou not felt less chilness in thy veins?
 Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?

But

But why to thee do I relate my woe,
 Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe,
 Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
 Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid ?
 What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
 Eternal Winter should his horror shed,
 Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endless frost,
 And all thy hopes of future Spring were lost ?
 To me what comfort can the Spring afford ?
 Can my Amyntas be with Spring restor'd ?
 Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
 Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies !
 No, never ! never !—Say then, rigid Earth,
 What is to me thy everlasting dearth ?
 Tho' never flow'r again its head should rear,
 Tho' never tree again should blossom bear ;
 Tho' never grass should cloath the naked ground,
 Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be found.
 None, none were found when I bewail'd their want ;
 Nor wholesome herb was found, nor healing plant,
 To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains ;
 In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains ;
 But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
 Or pois'nous weeds distilling deadly dew.
 And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
 To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
 Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
 A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root,
 Witness to this, ye fawns of ev'ry wood,
 Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
 Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
 What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed ;
 How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
 When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
 For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
 And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies ;
 Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
 And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard.
 The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
 And frightened streams their wonted channels left ;
 With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
 Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd.
 While I forlorn and desolate was left,
 Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft ;

VOL. II.

Ee

To

To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
 And to my griefs a more defenseless prey.
 For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were borne,
 For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn;
 For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
 These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
 To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
 And hide my head in shades of endless night:
 For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
 The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.
 Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
 The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
 Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
 Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
 Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
 Did ever life so immaturely end?
 For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
 And ev'ry muse prepar'd thy future praise.
 For thee the busy nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
 And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
 But now, ah dismal change! the tuneful throng
 To loud lamentings turn the chearful song.
 Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
 And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
 There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
 There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die.

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
 Excess of grief her faltering speech suppress'd.
 Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
 Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
 Then from her swimming eyes began to pour,
 Of softly falling rain a silver show'r;
 Her loosely flowing hair, all radiant bright,
 O'er-spread the dewy grass-like streams of light:
 As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,
 And cast to earth the glories he had worn.
 A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress
 No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
 Began the swelling air with sighs to fill;
 The water nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
 Like images of ice, while she complain'd,

Now

Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
 Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
 The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
 Dismal to hear, and horrible to tell;
 Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
 And Echo multiply'd each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
 Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
 The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
 As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd.
 Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
 Which swift ascended from Amyntas tomb;
 As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
 And on the spicy pile were new expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
 Was sudden spread with lively springing green;
 And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
 A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise;
 Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
 The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
 From ev'ry tear that fell, a violet grew,
 And thence their sweetness came, and thence their
 mournful hue.

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
 Think on Amyntas, oft as ye shall stoop
 To crop the stalks and take 'em softly up.
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
 And bless his peaceful grave, where first they grew.

T O

C Y N T H I A,

Weeping and not speaking.

E L E G Y.

WHY are those hours, which heav'n in pity lent
 To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
 Why sighs my fair? Why does that bosom move
 With any passion stir'd, but rising love?
 Can discontent find place within that breast,
 On whose soft pillows ev'n despair might rest?
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part,
 I am no stranger to an aking heart;
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,
 And well can bear it, to give you relief:
 All love's severest pangs I can endure;
 I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure.
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain;
 Anger, and hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
 Nay jealousy—and I have felt despair.
 These pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
 For cruel you, when I began to love.
 'Till warm compassion took at length my part,
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.
 O the dear hour, in which you did resign!
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
 And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine.
 Thro' each returning year, may that hour be
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
 Gay be the sun, that hour, in all his light,
 Let him collect the day, to be more bright,
 Shine all, that hour, and let the rest be night.

}
 }
 And

And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve !
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
 When your cold scorn, and frowns forbid the fire ;
 Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
 When all my joys complete in you I find,
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind ?
 O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
 This flood of tears ? whence are these frequent sighs ?
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling show'r,
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe ?
 Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
 Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past ;
 Or, what remain, think lighter made by me ;
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears ;
 Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears ;
 Join to my cheek, thy cold and dewy face,
 And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
 O speak—for woe in silence most appears :
 Speak, e'er my fancy magnify my fears.
 Is there a cause, which words cannot express !
 Can I nor bear a part, nor make it less ?
 I know not what to think—Am I in fault ?
 I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
 Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be
 Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
 You weep a-fresh, and at that word you start !
 Am I to be depriv'd then ?—must we part ?
 Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
 For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
 Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
 And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
 Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
 And racking fears, and restless doubts increase ;
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
 The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

A M O R E T.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray :
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
I'll tell the signs, by which you may
The wand'ring shepherds discover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

L E S B I A.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air ;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

D O R I S.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
 Has ev'ry grace and art;
 A wise observer to engage,
 Or wound a heedless heart.
 Of native blush, and rosy die,
 Time has her cheek bereft;
 Which makes the prudent nymph supply,
 With paint, th' injurious theft.
 Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
 And teeth in good repair;
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd hair.
 Of size, she is not short, nor tall,
 And does to fat incline
 No more, than what the French wou'd call,
Amiable Embonpoint.
 Farther, her person to disclose
 I leave—let it suffice,
 She has few faults, but what she knows,
 And can with skill disguise.
 She many lovers has refus'd,
 With many more comply'd;
 Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,
 She always lays aside.
 She's one, who looks with great contempt
 On each affected creature,
 Whose nicety would seem exempt
 From appetites of nature.
 She thinks they want or health or sense,
 Who want an inclination;
 And therefore never takes offence
 At him who pleads his passion.
 Whom she refuses, she treats still
 With so much sweet behaviour,
 That her refusal, through her skill,
 Looks almost like a favour.
 Since she this softness can express
 To those whom she rejects,
 She must be very fond, you'll guess,
 Of such whom she affects.

But

But here our Doris far outgoes
 All that her sex have done ;
 She no regard for custom knows,
 Which reason bids her shun.
 By reason, her own reason's meant,
 Or if you please, her will :
 For when this last is discontent,
 The first is serv'd but ill.
 Peculiar therefore is her way,
 Whether by nature taught,
 I shall not undertake to say,
 Or by experience bought.
 But who o'er-night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown,
 And stare upon the strange man's face,
 As one she ne'er had known.
 So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
 Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind ;
 For to beget what we bestow,
 Bespeaks a noble mind.
 Doris, our thanks nor asks, nor needs,
 For all her favours done
 From her love flows, as light proceeds
 Spontaneous from the sun.
 On one or other, still her fires
 Display their genial force ;
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course,

T O

S L E E P.

E L E G Y.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
 How soon a troubled breast thy falshood finds!
 Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
 Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
 But oh, how swift, how sure thou art to shun
 The wretch, by fortune or by love undone!
 Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
 Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
 Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to spread,
 With friendly shade around my restless bed?
 Can no complainings thy compassion move?
 Is thy antipathy so strong to love!
 O no! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,
 And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.
 With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
 Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;
 Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
 Where sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respires,
 'Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
 And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
 But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,
 Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
 From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
 But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
 But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
 Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
 Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
 I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
 For oft' I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
 And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
 Implor'd the muse to break thy gentle chains,
 And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.

222 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
 For more enduring woes my lays prolong.
 The morning lark to mine accords his note,
 And tunes to my distress his warbling throat :
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
 Wailing alike his absence and return.
 And all for thee—What had I well nigh said ?
 Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid,
 No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
 Th' associates of my melody and love,
 In moving sounds alone relate their pain,
 And not with voice articulate complain ;
 So shall my muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
 And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
 O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
 Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest :
 For her, O sleep, thy balmy sweets prepare ;
 The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
 Hush! as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
 Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
 Steal on her brow : and as those dews attend,
 'Till warn'd by waking day to reascend ;
 So wait thou for her morn ; then, gently rise,
 And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED

By L—y—s Picture.

I Yield, O Kneller, to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill;
If yet my vanquish'd muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.

Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shewn my eyes th' impress in my heart;
The bright idea both exists and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives;
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.
Thy pictures raise no doubts, when brought to view,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent artist! how complete thy skill!
Thy pow'r to act, is equal to thy will.
Nature and Art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend:
For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
Is by thy skill, both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures, light consents with shade,
And, each, to other is subservient made,
Judgment and Genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.

224 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
 And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
 Fame due to vast desert, is kept in store,
 Unpay'd, 'till the deserver is no more.
 Yet, thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
 And from the chosen few applause obtain'd;
 Ev'n he who best cou'd judge and best cou'd praise,
 Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathless lays;
 Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
 Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame.
 Unfit I follow, where he led the way,
 And court applause, by what I seem to pay.
 Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
 For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend:
 And next to deeds, which our own honour raise,
 Is, to distinguish them who merit praise.

T O
A C A N D L E.
E L E G Y.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light,
 I lonely pass the melancholy night ;
 Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
 To whom alone I venture to complain ;
 O learn with me, my hopeless love to moan ;
 Commiserate a life so like thy own.
 Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
 Wasting that heart, by which supply'd they burn.
 Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,
 At once, are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
 And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
 And only during night presume to shine ;
 Their humble rays not daring to aspire
 Before the sun, the fountain of their fire ;
 So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
 To shades obscure and solitude withdraw ;
 Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
 From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OVID's

OVID'S THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ART of LOVE.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends Rules and Instructions to the FAIR
SEX, in the Conduct of their Amours: After hav-
ing already compos'd two Books for the Use of
Men, upon the same Subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair,
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show
Unequal force against a naked foe:
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.
But, some exclaim, what frenzy rules your mind?
Would you encrease the craft of woman-kind!
Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.
But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all, the failings of a few.
Examine, first, impartially each fair,
Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
If ¹ Menelaus, and the king of men,
With justice, of their sister-wives complain;
If false ² Eriphyle forsook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
Penelope ³ was loyal still, and chaste,
Tho' twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.

Reflect how ⁴ Laodamia's truth was try'd,
 Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
 To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd. }
 Think how ⁵ Alceste's piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her life, to save the man she lov'd.
 Receive me, Capaneus, ⁶ Evadne cry'd;
 Nor Death itself our nuptials shall divide:
 To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire.
 She said, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
 Virtue ⁷ herself a goddess we confess,
 Both female in her name and in her dress;
 No wonder then, if to her sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with care a female mind.
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach
 Of that soft art, which I pretend to teach.
 My tender barque requires a gentle gale,
 A little wind will fill a little sail.
 Of sportful loves I sing, and shew what ways
 The willing nymph must use, her blis to raise, }
 And how to captivate the man she'd please.
 Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
 Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart:
 Man has a breast robust, and more secure,
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
 Men oft' are false; and, if you search with care,
 You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
 The faithless ⁸ Jason from Medea fled,
 And made Creusa partner of his bed.
 Bright ⁹ Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
 Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
 If then, the wild inhabitants of air }
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
 It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
 Enquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
 Why ¹⁰ Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
 She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea:
 Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
 And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
 To thee, ¹¹ Eliza, was unfaithful found;
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,
 His sword alone he left, thy last relief.

Ye

228 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love, of itself, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said: *What have poor women done?*
Why is that weak, defenseless sex expos'd;
On ev'ry side, by men well arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the men instructed by thy muse,
Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
The ¹² bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,
Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
And you, if on my favour you depend,
The cause of women, while you live, defend.
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore).
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight:
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide:
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not, hereafter will the loss repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day. }
I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see, how leafless now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas,

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades !
 How soon a wrinkl'd skin plump flesh invades !
 And what avails it, tho' the fair one swears
 She from her infancy had some grey heirs ?
 She grows all hoary in a few more years,
 And then the venerable truth appears.
 The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
 And both renew their youth and vigour pass'd :
 But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
 Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.
 Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
 And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
 Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
 And frequent births, too soon will youth impair :
 Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
 And earth itself decays, too often till'd.
 Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian ¹³ swain ;
 Nor thou, Aurora, ¹⁴ Cephalus disdain ;
 The Paphian queen, who, for ¹⁵ Adonis' fate,
 So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
 Has not been found inexorable since ;
 Witness ¹⁶ Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
 Then take example, mortals, from above,
 And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
 Refuse not those delights, which men require,
 Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
 False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain ?
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
 Tho' constant use, ev'n flint and steel impairs,
 What you employ no diminution fears.
 Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny ?
 Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry ?
 Still woman lose, you cry, if men obtain :
 What do they lose, that's worthy to retain ¹⁷ ?
 Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
 But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
 Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
 And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
 Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine ;
 And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
 Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.

Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride !
 Yet, to how many, is that gift deny'd ?
 Art helps a face ; a face, though heav'nly fair,
 May quickly fade for want of needful care.
 In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
 Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
 If Hector's ¹⁸ spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
 A soldier's wife became it well enough.
 Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
 Seven lusty bulls, and tanns their sturdy hides ;
 And might not he, d'ye think, be well caref'd,
 And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd ?
 With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
 This ¹⁹ Capitol with that of old compare :
 Some other Jove, you'd think, was worship'd there.
 That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
 When Tatus reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw :
 And where Apollo's fane resplendent stands,
 Was heretofore a tract of pasture lands.
 Let ancient manners other men delight ;
 But me the modern please, as more polite.
 Not, that materials now in gold are wrought,
 And distant shores for orient pearls are sought ;
 Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
 And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains :
 But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
 And polish'd from the rust of former date.
 Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
 Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade, appear ;
 Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire ;
 And cleanliness more animate love's fire.
 The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
 And much become, or misbecome the face.
 What suits your features, of your glass enquire,
 For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
 A face too long shou'd part, and flat the hair,
 Left, upwar'd comb'd, the length too much appear :
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round,
 Shou'd show the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
 On either shoulder, one, her locks displays ;
 Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays :
 Another, all her tresses ties behind ;
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.

Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some ;
 Others, the binding fillets more become :
 Some plat, like spiral shells, their braded hair,
 Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
 But, to recount the several dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
 Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
 And with a pleasing negligence ensnare ;
 Whole mornings oft, in such a dress are spent,
 And all his art, that looks like accident.
 With such disorder ²⁰ Iöle was grac'd,
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus bed,
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
 The losses they sustain, by various ways.
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
 Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
 Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
 And art gives colour which with nature vies.
 The well-wove tours they wear, their own are thought :
 But only are their own, as what they've bought.
 Nor need they blush to buy heads ready-dress'd,
 And chuse, at public shops, what suits 'em best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
 What folly must in such expence appear,
 When more becoming colours are less dear ?
 One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue ;
 Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view.
 With yellow lustre see another spread,
 As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
 Some, of the sea-green wave the cast display ;
 With this, the nymphs, their beauteous forms array :
 And some, the saffron-hue will well adorn ;
 Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
 Of myrtle berries, one, the tincture shows ;
 In this, of amethysts, the purple glows,
 And, that, more imitates the paler rose. }

Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
 Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
 Nor almond, nor the chefnut dye disclaim;
 Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
 As fields you find, with various flow'rs o'erspread
 When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
 So various are the colours you may try,
 Of which, the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
 Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you, wear;
 For no complexion all alike can bear.
 If fair the skin, black may become it best,
 In black the lovely fair ²¹ Briseis dress'd:
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
 Andromeda ²² so charm'd the wond'ring fight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful smells,
 Which, sometimes health, or kindly heat expels,
 Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
 The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
 Tho' not to nymphs of ²³ Caucasus I sing,
 Nor such who taste remote the Mysian ²⁴ spring;
 Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no neglect,
 You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
 You know the use of white to make you fair,
 And how, with red, lost colour to repair;
 Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
 And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
 Nor need the fair one be asham'd, who tries,
 By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book ²⁵ I've made, but with great care,
 How to preserve the face, and how repair.
 In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd
 May see, what pains to please 'em I've employ'd,
 But, still beware, that from your lover's eye
 You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
 Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
 Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
 Who would not take offence, to see a face
 All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?
 And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
 The wool's unsav'ry scent is still the same.
 Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
 Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;

For many things, when done, afford delight,
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
 Even Myro's²⁶ statues, which for art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass;
 Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
 As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
 Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
 Which, now, a perfect Venus shews to view.
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
 Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.
 Add the last hand, before yourselves you show;
 Your need of art, why should your lover know?
 For many things, when most conceal'd, are best:
 And few, of strict enquiry, bear the test.
 Those figures which in theatres are seen,
 Gilded without, are common wood within.
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
 'Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
 To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;
 To view the flowing honours of her head
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.
 But let her look, that she with care avoid
 All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
 All that her woman does; who does her best.
 I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
 And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
 And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
 Plant centinels before her dressing-room:
 Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
 Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
 A lady at her toilet once surpriz'd;
 Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tour she wore,
 And in her hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
 But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
 Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.

Un-

234 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn,
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;
A leaf-less tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not, these instructions are design'd
For first-rate beauties, of the finish'd kind;
Not to a Semele, or ²⁷ Leda bright,
Nor an ²⁸ Europa, these my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what husband, would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The croud, I teach, some homely, and some fair;
But of the former sort, the larger share.
The handsome, least require the help of art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with nature's part,
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face, correct;
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short, her seat should seldom quit,
Left, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean, of thick-wrought stuff her cloaths should
chuse,
And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply:
If swarthy, to the ²⁹ Pharian varnish fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear;
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
Round shoulders, ³⁰ bolster'd, will appear the least;
And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.

You

You hardly think how much on this depends,
 And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
 Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
 And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
 Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
 Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
 In some, distortions quite the face disguise;
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
 In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
 Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain? Many, with ease,
 Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
 Others, thro' affectation, lisp, and find,
 In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
 Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
 Now learn what way of walking recommends.
 Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
 But female grace allures with strange delight.
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,
 Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;
 Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
 And ev'ry step and graceful motion show.
 Another, like an ³¹ Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
 Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
 Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust,
 Nor shew too nice a gait, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
 That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare.
 Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
 And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

Sirens ³², tho' monsters of the stormy main,
 Can ships, when under sail, with songs, detain:
 Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
 When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
 Singing insinuates: learn, all ye maids;
 Oft, when a face forbids, a voice persuades.
 Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
 Or in ruelles some soft Egyptian air.
 Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
 And with her lute accompany her voice.

The

236 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen staid,
When on his lyre melodious ³³ Orpheus play'd;
Even Cerberus and Hell that sound obey'd.
And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by ³⁴ Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, ³⁵ Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet ³⁶ Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read ³⁷ Philetas and ³⁸ Anacreon's verse.
Terentia plays may much the mind improve;
But softest ³⁹ Sapho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and ⁴⁰ Tibullus read,
And let ⁴¹ Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;
Of all the Latian bards the noblest muse.
Even I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd lines, some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.
Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epistles too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful nine!
Such thine, Apollo, and Lyæus, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or slur a die,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful, sometimes most divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But, easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.

Un-

Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,
 And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
 Then, base desire of gain, then, rage appears,
 Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
 Then, clamours and revilings reach the sky,
 While losing gamesters all the gods defy.
 Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast:
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.
 Good Jove, avert such shameful faults as these,
 From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please.
 Soft recreations fit the female kind;
 Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd:
 To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
 To stop, or turn the steed, in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
 Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
 Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
 And at the glowing ⁴² virgin's sign arrive,
 'Tis both allow'd, and fit, you shou'd repair
 To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
 To Pompey's ⁴³ gardens, or the shady groves
 Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves:
 Phœbus ⁴⁴, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
 And made Augustus' victory complete.
 Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
 Are rais'd, to Livia's and ⁴⁵ Octavia's name;
 Or, where ⁴⁶ Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
 When he with naval victory was crown'd.
 To Isis ⁴⁷ fame, to theatres resort;
 And in the Circus see the noble sport.
 In ev'ry public place, by turns, be shown;
 In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
 Should you, in singing, ⁴⁸ Thamyra transcend;
 Your voice unheard, who cou'd your skill commend?
 Had not ⁴⁹ Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
 Her beauties, still, beneath the waves had been.

Poets inspir'd, writ only for a name,
 And think their labours well repaid with fame.
 In former days, I own, the poets were
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
 Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
 And, they, with rich possessions were endow'd.

438 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

Ennius ^{so} with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's statue plac'd,
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still, there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise :
What could the high renown of Homer raise,
But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays ?

Who could have been of ^{ss} Danae's charms assur'd,
Had she grown old, within her tow'r immur'd ?
This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph pursue,
That 'tis her int'rest oft' to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing croud assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In ev'ry place to please, be all her thought ;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How cou'd Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief ?
The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd ;
And look, you fly with speed a sop profess'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me ; all I say is for your good ;
Had ^{ss} Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but sordid love of gain :
But let not powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.

Rich

Rich cloaths are oft' by common sharpeners worn,
 And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
 So, may your lover burn with fierce desire
 Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
 Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying through the streets;
 And as she runs, *Give me my own*, repeats.
 How often, '3 Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
 And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
 Some so notorious are, their very name
 Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.
 Be warn'd by ills, which, others have destroy'd,
 And faithless men with constant care avoid.
 Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
 Who has so oft' th' attesting gods betray'd.
 And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
 Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise, equally afford,
 But once a contract made, keep well your word.
 For, *the* for any act of hell is fit,
 And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit;
 With impious hands cou'd quench the vestal fire,
 Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,
 Who, first, to take a lover's gift complies,
 And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
 And more in fight pursue th' intended course.

If love epistles, tender lines impart,
 And billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart,
 Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
 Or confident, be secretly convey'd.
 Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
 When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
 E'er in return you write, some time require;
 Delays, if not too long, encrease desire:
 Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
 Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain.
 Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears encrease,
 But by degrees, let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write,
 The usual way of speech is more polite.

240 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

How have I seen the puzzl'd lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd !
A stile too coarse, takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still wou'd hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger 'till his truth be try'd ;
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose ;
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd !
Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discov'ries, sure as lightning, blast.
Might I advise, fraud shou'd with fraud be paid ;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What, if in sey'ral hands, you learn'd to write ?
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket book two hands contain,
First, rub your lover's out, then, write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind ;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend, to you subscribe a female name,

Now, greater things to tell, my muse prepare,
And clap on all the sail the barque can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place ;
For fury will deform the finest face :
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine ⁵⁴ Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek : she flung it quick aside ;
Nor is thy music so much worth, she cry'd.
Look in your glass, when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.

Believe

Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
 There's nothing more detestable than pride.
 How have I seen some airs disgust create,
 " *Like things which by antipathy we hate!*"
 Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
 And when your lover bows, incline your head.
 So, love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
 And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
 Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;
 Let sad ^{ss} Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms.
 Let mourning beauties, fullen heroes move;
 We chearful men, like gaiety in love.
 Let Hector in Andromache delight,
 Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.
 Had not they both borne children (to be plain)
 I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their husbands lain.
 I no idea in my mind can frame,
 That either one or t'other doleful dame,
 Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their lords
 My life, my soul; or speak endearing words.

Why, from comparisons should I refrain,
 Or, fear small things by greater to explain?
 Observe what conduct prudent gen'ral's use,
 And how their sev'ral officers they chuse;
 To one, a charge of infantry commit,
 Another, for the horse, is thought more fit.
 So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
 And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
 The wealthy lover store of gold should send;
 The lawyer should, in courts, your cause defend.
 We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe;
 Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
 By us, your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd;
 So ^{ss} Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
 From east to west, Lycoris praises ring;
 Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
 No fraud, the poet's sacred breast can bear;
 Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere.
 Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
 But shuns the bar; and books and shades requires.
 Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
 With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;

Our softer studies with our souls combine,
 And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
 Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's prayer,
 The god that fills him, and the muse revere;
 Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
 Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
 'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact;
 But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
 Yet hide, however, your avarice from sight,
 Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders, rein, with diff'rent force,
 A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse;
 Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
 The man in years, and youth of greener age.
 This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
 With kind caresses oft' indulge the boy,
 And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
 Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware;
Nor love, nor empire, can a rival bear.

Men more discreetly love, where more mature,
 And many things, which youth disdains, endure;
 No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
 Nor tear their own, or mistresses attire.
 In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
 But, men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
 As wood, when green, or as a torch when wet,
 They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
 More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
 Then, swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous foe,
 How, surely to enslave ourselves, we show,
 To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
 Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
 Wou'd you retain him long, then, long refuse.
 Oft' at your door make him for entrance wait,
 There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
 When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
 Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.

Hence

Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
 The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
 Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
Here's no admittance, Sir; I must deny:
 The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
 A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far, with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
 I, now, sharp weapons for the sex provide;
 Nor doubt, against myself, to see 'em try'd.

When first a lover you design to charm,
 Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
 Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
 That he, and only he's the happy man.
 Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
 And let him fear some rival's better fate.
 Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
 Which, else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.
 Then, strains the courier to out-strip the wind,
 When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
 Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
 I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
 Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs,
 Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
 Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
 Pretend, your husband's spies beset the door:
 Tho' free as *'s* Thais, still affect a fright;
 For, seeming danger heightens the delight.
 Oft' let the youth in through your window steal,
 Tho' he might enter at the door as well;
 And, sometimes, let your maid surprize pretend,
 And beg you, in some hole to hide your friend.
 Yet, ever and anon, dispel his fear,
 And let him taste of happiness sincere;
 Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
 He shou'd grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forgot to tell, how you may try
 Both to evade the husband, and the spy.

That wives shou'd of their husbands stand in awe,
 Agrees with justice, modesty, and law:

But,

But, that a mistress may be lawful prize,
 None, but her keeper, I am sure, denies.
 For such fair nymphs, these precepts are design'd,
 Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
 Tho' stuck with ^{ss} Argus' eyes your keeper were,
 Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
 Can he observe what letters then you write?
 Or, can his caution against such provide,
 Which, in her breast, your confident may hide?
 Can he the note beneath her garter view,
 Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?
 Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
 And, writing on her skin, your mind express.
 New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
 Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.
 Fair will the paper show, nor can be read,
 'Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius was with all his care, betray'd;
 And in his tow'r of brass, a grandfire made.

Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
 Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
 Or, can you be to Isis fane pursu'd,
 Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude?
 Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
 They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
 Or, when some sudden sickness you pretend,
 May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
 False keys a private passage may procure,
 If not, there are more ways besides the door.
 Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follow'r treat;
 When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat:
 Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
 Prepare a sleeping draught, to seal his eyes:
 Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
 An inclination for his person feign;
 With faint resistance let her drill him on,
 And, after competent delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful wiles,
 Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?

Believe

Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd ;
 Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is pleas'd.
 With presents, fools and wise alike are caught,
 Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
 But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
 That you for ever his connivance buy ;
 Pay him his price at once, for with such men
 You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd,
 Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend.
 Believe me, apprehensions of that kind,
 Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
 Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
 Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the youth :
 The very confident that lends the bed,
 May entertain your lover, in your stead.
 Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
 For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But, whither do I run with heedless rage,
 Teaching the foe unequal war to wage ?
 Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare ?
 Was ever hound instructed by the hare ?
 But all self-ends and int'rest let apart,
 I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
 Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
 And for the '9 Lemnian ladies, whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
 Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain ;
 Full of himself, he your design will aid :
 To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
 With dying eyes, his face and form survey,
 Then, sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay :
 Now, drop a tear, your sorrows to assuage,
 Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
 Such proofs as these, will all distrust remove,
 And make him pity your excessive love.
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond creature die ?
 But chiefly, one, such fond behaviour fires,
 Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires.

Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess's might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor strait fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let Procris' fate, a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near, where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flow'ring hills a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'er shade,
There, rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent, combine.
There, tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytissus, and garden-pines, abound.
While thro' the boughs, soft winds of Zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
Hither, wou'd Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd:
And, thus, to Air, the panting youth would pray,
Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay.
But some tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd:
Who, with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what she had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpriz'd, and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies like death, supply'd the place;
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless face to wound, forbore.
Now, all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
With ⁶⁰ Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, she leaves below, her friends;
And, all alone, the shady hill ascends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd?

Who-

Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
 She, now shall in the very fact be caught.
 Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
 And now to go, and now to stay inclines :
 Thus, love, with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
 And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
 And more suspicious still the place appears :
 But more than all, excessive love deceives,
 Which, all it fears, too easily believes.

And, now, a chilnefs run thro' ev'ry vein,
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
 The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun :
 With water, first, he sprinkled o'er his face,
 Which glow'd with heat ; then sought his usual place.
 Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
 View'd him extended, with his bosom bare ;
 And heard him, soon, th' accustom'd words repeat,
Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat :
 Soon as she found her error, from the word,
 Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
 With joy she rose, to clasp him in her arms :
 But, Cephalus, the rustling noise alarms ;
 Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,
 And strait, his arrows and his bow prepares.
 Hold ! hold ! unhappy youth !—I call in vain,
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
Me, me, (she cries) thou'st wounded with thy dart !
But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
Yet, lighter on my ashes earth will lye,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die :
Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath.
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
 And wash'd, with streaming tears, the wound he made ;
 At length, the springs of life their currents leave,
 And her last gasp, her husband's lips receive.

Now, to pursue our voyage we must provide,
 'Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou'd teach
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
 Come not the first, invited to a feast;
 Rather, come last, as a more grateful guest.
 For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
 Meets with the surest welcome, when arriv'd.
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind,
 From candle-light, no small advantage find.
 During the time you eat, observe some grace,
 Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;
 Nor yet, too squeamishly your meat avoid,
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
 Of all extreams in either kind beware,
 And still, before your belly's full, forbear.
 No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
 Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the moderate use,
 More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;
 It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
 And wine and love have always been allies.
 But, carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
 Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
 For in such sleeps, brutalities are done,
 Which, tho' you loath, you have no pow'r to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,
 Shou'd next be taught how to behave in bed.
 But modesty forbids: nor more, my muse
 With weary wings, the labour'd flight pursues;
 Her purple ⁶¹ swans unyok'd, the chariot leave,
 And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
 And equal arms, on either sex bestow:
 While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
 Ovid must own, their master is in love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

1 *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, two brothers, married two sisters, *Clytemnestra* and *Helena*, both of them preferred gallants to their husbands beds.

2 *Eriphyle*, daughter of *Talaon*, king of *Argos*, for the sake of a golden chain, persuaded her husband, *Amphiaraus*, to go to the *Theban* war, in which she knew he must be slain.

3 *Penelope*, daughter of *Icarus* and *Polycasta*, was married to *Ulysses*, and much celebrated by the ancients for her invincible chastity.

4 When *Laodamia* heard her husband *Protesilaus* was killed in the *Trojan* war, she passionately desired to see his ghost, which being granted her by the gods, she embraced it so closely that she perished in the embrace.

5 She offered to die to lengthen her husband, *Admetus's* life.

6 *Evadne*, the daughter of *Iphias*, married *Capaneus*, who signalized himself in the *Theban* war.

7 Virtue was represented at *Rome* in a woman's habit, and had a temple and altars dedicated to her.

8 *Jason*, the son of *Aeson*, married *Medea*, the king of *Colchos's* daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the golden fleece, but afterwards forsook her, and married *Creusa*, daughter to the king of *Corinth*.

9. *Ariadne*, the daughter of *Minos*, king of *Crete*, being in love with *Theseus*, conducted him out of the labyrinth, by the means of a clue of thread. She fled from *Crete* with *Theseus*, who left her on a barren shore, and she was afterwards married to *Bacchus*.

10 *Phyllis*, daughter of *Lycurgus*, king of *Thrace*, despairing of the return of *Demophoon*, son of *Theseus*,

seus, to whom she had granted her last favours, was transformed into an almond-tree as she was going to hang herself.

11 *Aeneas and Dido*. The pious hero excused his fallhood by the injunction of the gods.

12 The poet Stesichorus wrote a bitter satire against Helen, for which her brothers, Castor and Pollux, plucked out his eyes; but having recanted some time after in his Palinodia, a poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his sight.

13 *Endymion*, with whom the moon fell in love, and descended to converse with him on mount Latmos in Caria.

14 *Aurora* being in love with Cephalus, who had married Procris, the king of Athens his daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his wife, that, 'tis said, she was forced to ravish him. The reader will meet with a fuller account of him at the end of this book.

15 *Adonis*, the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, was slain by a boar as he was a hunting, to the inexpressible grief of the goddess Venus.

16 *Harmonia*, or *Hermione*, was the daughter of Venus by the god Mars, as was the Dardan prince Aeneas her son by Anchises.

17 *Still women lefe, you cry, &c.*

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.

Quid, nisi quam sumis, dic mibi perdis aquam?

These verses are not barely translated to the literal sense, which is conceived to be in them; but paraphrased according to the interpretation of Heinsius, who seems truly to understand the text, though differing in his conjecture from Scaliger and other commentators. If any reader is curious enough to consult the commentary of Heinsius on this place, he will find by other instances cited from Ovid, that *aquam sumere* was a phrase appropriated to a particular time and custom among women. This had not been insisted on here, had it not been the only passage in this book which all other commentators but Heinsius have rendered unintelligible; for otherwise the verses are not very considerable: and the most which Ovid says in this place, is no more than if speaking of eating he had said,

said, *Why should any one scruple to use their hands, when it can cost them nothing but a little water to wash them afterwards, which is not worth saving?*

18 *Andromache*, the wife of Hector, is always represented as a plain sort of woman.

19 The Capitol was a hill in Rome so called from a man's head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the foundation of the temple of Jupiter.

20 *Iole*, daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, and wife to Hercules. He took her from her father by force, because the king would not consent to it when he returned from Ætolia, where he had married Dejanira.

21 *Hippodamia*, the daughter of Brises, from thence called Briseis, fell by lot to Achilles at the sack of Lyrnessus.

22 *Andromeda*, the daughter of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, was, for her mother's pride, exposed to be devoured by an horrible sea-monster, but being rescued by Perseus, she was afterwards married to him.

23 *Caucasus* is a mountain which stretches itself from the East-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes by several names, according as it is inhabited by several nations.

24 *Mysia* is a country in Asia Minor, bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the worthlessness of its inhabitants. Ovid saith, he is addressing himself to the polite Roman ladies, and not to the wild inhabitants of Caucasus and Mysia.

25 He means his book *de Medicamine Faciei*, of which we have some fragments remaining.

26 There were two famous statuaries of this name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eleuthera.

27 *Semele*, the daughter of Cadmus, and mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the curiosity to enjoy the god in his celestial majesty, was burnt by lightning. Leda was the daughter of Thestius, and the wife of Tyndarus, king of Oebalia: Jupiter, in the shape of a swan, enjoyed her as she was bathing in the river Eurotus.

28 *Europa*, the daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, was ravished by Jupiter in the shape of a bull.

29 *Pharos* was a little island at the mouth of the Nile,

252 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Nile, abounding with crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles, or spots in the face, and whiten the skin.

30 *Anaërides*, little bolsters of flocks. The same invention is used in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calved stockings for the men. And it is satisfactory to the curious to know the fashion is 1800 years old.

31 The *Umbrians* inhabited a country joining to the Appenine hills, which run from Savona, on the coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian streights. This nation were reckoned as rustic in their manners, as strong in bodies, and stout of heart. The poet gives us, in an Umbrian woman, a just idea of a modern peasant's wife.

32 The *Syrens* were three in number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Ligia, half women, and half fish. One made use of her voice, the second of her lyre, and the third of her flute. Their haunt was on the coast of Sicily, where they charmed voyagers, but Ulysses escaped them.

33 *Orpheus* was so skilful in playing on the lyre, that, it is said, he drew after him trees and wild beasts, and charmed Hell with his music, whither he went to recover his wife Eurydice.

34 *Amphion*, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre.

35 *Arion* was a musician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of money in his travels, the sailors robbed him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by sea; but a dolphin, charmed with his music, conveyed him on his back safe to Peloponesus, where he procured Periander to put the sailors to death.

36 *Callimachus*, the son of Battus, was looked upon to be one of the wittiest and politest men of his age.

37 *Philetas* was a native of Coos, an island in the Ægean sea; he was a celebrated poet, and writer of elegies, and flourished under Philip, and his son, Alexander the Great.

38 *Anacreon* was a lyric poet of Teios; being a great lover of wine, he choaked himself with a grape-stone as he was drinking.

39 *Sappho*

39 *Sappho* was born at Mitylene in the isle of Lesbos: she writ nine books of elegies, and several epigrams and satires. Her sentiments were very tender in her verses, for which reason Ovid recommends them. According to some authors, she flung herself into the sea, because Phaon neglected her.

40 These three were celebrated poets of the Augustine age. Propertius was a native of Umbria, and very much esteemed by Mæcenas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Ægypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his wit, than his gallantry and profusion.

41 *Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus*, of the province of Gallia Narbonensis, was in love with a lady called Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his poetry.

42 The poet means the summer season, when the sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

43 These were the most noted gardens in Rome, and in the field of Mars.

44 It is said Phœbus descended at the battle of Actium, and was present on the Romans side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.

45 *Octavia's* portico built near Marcellus's theatre.

46 *Agrippa* married Julia, Augustus's daughter by Scribonia, and his father-in-law honoured him with a naval crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the portico's in Rome was built or named by Agrippa.

47 *Ovid* gives us to understand, in his first book of the Art of Love, that people frequented the temple of Isis, on purpose to carry on their amorous intrigues.

48 *Thamyras*, the son of Philammon, was a poet, and one of the greatest musicians of his time: having gained the prize of singing at the Pythic games, he met the muses in his return homewards, and had the insolence to give them a challenge, fancying he could outdo them in that art, at which the daughters of Jupiter were so enraged, that they deprived him of his reason, or, as Diodorus says, they took from him his voice, and his art of playing on the lute.

49 *Apelles* was, for his great skill, called the prince of painters; his master-piece was reckoned the Venus rising out of the sea, of which Ovid speaks in this place.

254 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

50 *Ennius* was the first Roman that wrote annals in heroic verse; his subject was the wars of Italy, and particularly the second Punic war, which he did to compliment his friend and patron *Scipio*, in whose tomb he was buried, and who placed the poet's statue near his own, which shows how highly he honoured him.

51 *Danaë*, daughter of *Acrisius*, king of *Argos*, who, having consulted the oracle, and being told he should be killed by her son, shut her up in a brazen tower to prevent it. But *Jupiter* transforming himself into a golden shower, bribed her keepers, and got her with child; which, being born, was the renowned *Perseus*. Her father commanded both the babe and his mother to be thrown into the sea; but being fortunately cast on shore on one of the islands called *Cyclades*, the king of the island married the mother; and *Perseus*, when he was grown up, unwittingly killed his grandfather.

52 *Priam*, king of *Troy*, and father of *Paris*, who stole *Helen*, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their ambassadors; but other councils prevailing, the war ensued, which ended in the destruction of *Troy*, and the death of *Priam*, who was killed by *Pyrrhus*, son of *Achilles*, after forty years reign.

53 The temple of *Venus* stood in the *Appian way*, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman ladies, who came thither to meet their sparks.

54 *Minerva* playing on her flute by a river side, and observing in the water what grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the instrument in a passion.

55 *Tecmessa*, the daughter of *Teuthrantes*, a *Phrygian* prince, was taken prisoner by the *Grecians*, and fell to *Ajax's* lot, upon the division of the spoil.

56 These are names the Roman poets of those times gave their mistresses in their verses.

57 *Thais* was a name given to all sorts of women of a lewd character, who, however, affected discretion.

58 *Argus* had an hundred eyes, and kept *Io* from *Jupiter* by *Juno's* order, for which *Mercury* killed him by command of his father *Jove*; to make him amends,

Juno turned him into a peacock, and placed his eyes in his tail.

59 The poet alludes here to those wicked women who rose against the men, and did not spare their own husbands.

60 The priestesses and priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the festival of that god, did it with the noise of shouts, drums, timbrels and cymbals, were crowned with ivy, vine, &c. and carried a thyrsus, or staff, wreathed with it in their hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their actions during this ceremony.

61 By this Ovid shews he is both a poet and a lover, for the swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's car sometimes, though the doves are oftenest used upon that occasion.

OF
P L E A S I N G.
AN
E P I S T L E

T O

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE.

'TIS strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace sings—and sure, as strange is *this* :
That no one man's displeas'd with what he *is*.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.
Nor is that all ; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien ;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise ;
Th' untrusted wretch, to secrecy pretends,
Whisp'ring his *nothing* round to *all* as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part ;
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art ;

Who

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
 And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
 Thus, man perverse, against plain nature strives,
 And to be artfully absurd, contrives.
 Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
 Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
 Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
 Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
 Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
 Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your nose.
 Therfites, who seems born to give offence,
 From uncouth form and frontless impudence,
 Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
 Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
 Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
 And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature, to each allots his proper sphere,
 But, that forsaken, we like comets err;
 Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
 Men most affect, in general to please:
 Of this affection, vanity's the source,
 And vanity alone obstructs its course;
 That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
 Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
 The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
 And in just scales, his strength and weakness weigh,
 Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
 And to his proper force adapt his mind;
 Scarce one, but, to some merit might pretend,
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
 Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
 Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.
 If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
 We bid the dying patient drink and live:
 When Murus comes, we cry, beware the pill,
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
 We study 'em with profit and delight:
 But when vile Macor and Mundungus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.

All

238 POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
Affect not any thing in nature's sight.
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
 For what? For ill-resembling human-kind.
None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they wou'd be thought.

Thus, I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
 As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem,
 By nature, form'd for love, and for esteem.
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
 And really are what others but profess.
 I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
 I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praise.
 But when such early worth so bright appears,
 And antedates the fame which waits on years;
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,
 Not to confess it, in the man I love.
 Tho' now I aim not at that known applause
 You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;
 Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
 But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
 That I presume too much in this essay.
 How should I show what pleases? How explain
 A rule, to which I never could attain?
 To this objection, I'll make no reply,
 But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person, once,
 Concern'd to find his only son a dunce;
 Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
 Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
 This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
 To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
 The careful parent laid the treatise by,
 'Till time should make it proper to apply.
 Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
 To read and profit by his father's pains;
 And now the sire prepares the book t' impart,
 Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art.*

But

But ah! how oft' is human care in vain!
 For now, he could not find his book again.
 The place where he had laid it, he forgot,
 Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
 Which if not true, is yet invented well.
 Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach;
 I ill may practise, what I well may preach.
 Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
 May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
 The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
 And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
 Deform'd themselves, yet, forge those flays of steel,
 Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
 So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
 And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
 Well do they play the careful critic's part,
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
 Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

A

PINDARIQUE ODE,

Humbly offered to the

Q U E E N,

On the Victorious Progress of

Her MAJESTY's ARMS, under the Conduct
of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIQUE ODE.

———Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

HOR. ODE 2. L. 4.

FINDBARIQUE GDE

Presented to the

OF THE

OF THE

MAJESTY'S ARMS, under the Control
of the Duke of Marlborough

By the

A DISCOURSE on the FINDBARIQUE GDE.

By the
Author of the

A
D I S C O U R S E
ON THE

PINDARIQUE ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the antient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems intituled Pindarique Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and stile of Pindar; and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees * brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindariques, is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts,

* Pausan. Boeotic.

For though his digressions are frequent, and his transi-
tions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connexion,
which though not always appearing to the eye, never
fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the
reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and
which has been so * misunderstood and misapplied by
his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stan-
zas in different odes; but in each particular ode they
are ever correspondent one to another in their turns,
and according to the order of the ode.

All the odes of Pindar which remain to us, are songs
of triumph, victory or success in the Grecian games:
they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre,
and sometimes to the lyre and § pipe; they consisted
oftenest of three stanzas, the first was called the Stro-
phé, from the version or circular motion of the fingers
in that stanza from the right hand to the left. † The
second stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the
contraversion of the chorus; the fingers, in performing
that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary
always to their motion in the Strophé. The third
stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the
after-song) which they sung in the middle, neither
turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and
stations in singing their odes, is not our present bu-

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace. L. 4. Ode 1. who have applied *numeriq; fertur lege solutus*, to all the odes of Pindar; which, there, expressly relates only to his Dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer, than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, Pindar deserves the laurel, let him write of what, or in what manner soever, viz. first, whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which *break through the bounds prescribed to other odes*; or, secondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c. Or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games: or, lastly, whether he sings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

§ Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace L. 4. Ode 1. *misti carminibus non sine fistula*; and L. 3. Ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?*

† Or from the left to the right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. Introduc. ad Olymp. And Alex. ab Alexandro, L. 4. c. 17. speaking of the ceremony of the chorus, says, *Cursum auspiciati a Laevo dextrorsum—max a dextra Laevorsum*. But the learned Schmidius takes part with the first opinion, as more consistent with the notions of the antients concerning the motions of the heavenly spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. & de Carmin. Lyric.

liness to enquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the contra-rotation of the *primum mobile*, in respect of the *secunda mobilia*; and that by their standing still at the epode, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. * Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth in celebrating his return from thence.

The method observed in the composition of these odes, was therefore as follows. The poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his Strophé or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his Antistrophé, or second stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty, to make a new choice for his third stanza, or epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers as his ear or fancy led him; composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same § measure, as often as he should repeat it in the order of his ode, so that every epode in the same ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The lyric poet Stesichorus, (whom † Longinus reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom ‡ Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been nearest of any body in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, || *ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti*;

* Pind. Schol. & Schmid ibid.

§ Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap 97. l. 3.

† Longin. de Sub. c. 13.

‡ Quint. Inst. l. 10. c. 1.

|| *ὅτι τὰ τρία Στεσιχόρου γινώσκεις*, de vehementer indocto & imperito dici solitum. B. asin. Anag.

so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, *he did not so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus*; that is, did not know that an ode ought to consist of a strophé, an antistrophé, and an epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof; I mean, in respect of our imitations of the odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to say, for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led them into such enquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing our odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good English odes, without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas; yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode, or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas, with more appetite, than he could do if always cloyed with the same quantities and measures, I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; especially

ally, if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not shew itself, 'till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work, first sets us upon the enquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased. Therefore, certainly poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them; and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindarique Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, *which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent poet.*

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his pindarique odes. The beauty of his verses, are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his stile and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal, though innocent occasion, of so many deformed poems since, which instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painters term) been only caricaturas of him, resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error, in having heretofore mis-called a few irregular stanzas a pindarique ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own, that never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if * Pausanias was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his hymns, notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last strophé of the same ode, which take in the Paraphrase of Sudorius:

*Qui multa paucis stringere commade
 Noverit, morsus hi facile invidos
 Spernunt, & auris mensq; pura
 Omne supervacuum rejectat.*

* Bæotic pag 588.

O D E.

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muse,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chuse
Of ANNA's name to sing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raise sublime on thy ætherial wing,
And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.
Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest swain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, cou'd charm,
That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
When first the vocal shell was found,
With more than mortal skill
Inventer Hermes taught to sound.
Hermes on bright Latona's son,
By sweet persuasion won,
The wond'rous work bestow'd;
Latona's son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains ;
 A lower note his lofty song disdains
 Who sings of ANNA's name.
 The lyre is struck ! the sounds I hear !
 O Muse, propitious to my pray'r !
 O well known sounds ! O melody, the same
 That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame !

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone :
 Witness sweet Spencer's lays :
 And witness that immortal song,
 As Spencer sweet, as Milton strong,
 Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood cou'd raise,
 And mighty William sing, with well-proportion'd
 praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn ;
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
 With chearful ray the ruddy morn.
 Thy lovely form, and fresh reviving state,
 In crystal flood of Thames survey ;
 Then, blest thy better fate,
 Bless ANNA's most auspicious sway.
 While distant realms and neighb'ring lands,
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands
 On ev'ry side molest,
 Thy happier clime is free,
 Fair CAPITAL of liberty !
 And plenty knows, and days of Halcyon rest.

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
 Unshaken sees against her silver shores
 His foaming billows beat ;
 So Britain's QUEEN, amidst the jars
 And tumults of a world in wars,
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.

II. But

II.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose,
Are soonest touch'd with sense of others woes.

Thus ANNA's mighty mind,
To mercy and soft pity prone,
And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
To wake for common good, and succour human-kind.

III.

Fly, tyranny, no more be known
Within Europa's blissful bound ;
Far as th' uninhabitable zone
Fly ev'ry hospitable ground.
To horrid ² Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful Beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopl'd empire share,
And rob those lands of legal right,
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When Justice shall have pow'r ;
Justice to earth restor'd !
Again Astrea reigns !

ANNA her equal scale maintains,
And MARLBRO' wields her sure deciding sword.

I.

Now, could'st thou soar, my muse, to sing the
MAN
In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
Her tow'ring pinions spread ;
Thou should'st of MARLBRO' sing, whose hand
Unerring from his QUEEN's command,
Far as the ³ seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
To save th' imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy song should end ; tho' all the Nine
Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
To sing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay ;
And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

M m 2

III. But

III.

But cou'd thy voice of Blenheim sing,
 And with success that song pursue;
 What art cou'd aid thy weary wing
 To keep the victor still in view?
 For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
 Nor sets, but with impartial ray
 To all who want his light
 Alternately transfers the day:
 So in the glorious round of fame,
 Great MARLBORÔ, still the same,
 Incessant runs his course;
 To climes remote, and near,
 His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
 And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse,
 For O! what notes, what numbers cou'dst thou
 choose,
 Tho' in all numbers skill'd;
 To sing the hero's matchless deed,
 Which Belgia sav'd, and Brabant free'd;
 To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
 ' Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd ' Pharsalia's
 field.

II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun,
 Behold the work of many ages done!
 What verse such worth can raise?
 Lustre and life, the poet's art
 To middle virtue may impart;
 But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
 Transcend his utmost flight; and mock his distant
 praise.

III.

Still wou'd the willing Muse aspire,
 With transport still her strains prolong;
 But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
 And admiration stops her song.

Go on, great chief, in ANNA's cause proceed;
 Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,
 'Till Europe thou hast freed,
 And universal peace restor'd.
 This mighty work when thou shalt end,
 Equal rewards attend,
 Of value far above
 Thy trophies and thy spoils;
 Rewards even worthy of thy toils,
 Thy QUEEN's just favour, and thy COUNTRY's
 love.

NOTES

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 *Orpheus* was said to be the son of the muse *Calliope*. The poetical fiction of the harp of *Orpheus* is this. *Mercury*, the same day that he was born of *Maja* in *Cyllene*, a mountain of *Arcadia*, found a living tortoise, which he carried home with him to his cradle, and immediately composed a harp of the shell. A little after he stole the oxen of *Apollo*; this caused some difference between the deities, but the matter being referred to *Jupiter*, he ordered *Mercury* to return the oxen to the right owner; on this there followed not only a reconciliation but friendship, and *Apollo* expressing an extreme pleasure at the invention of the harp, *Mercury* bestowed it on him as a pledge of his future friendship. Of this *Homer*, in his hymn to *Mercury*, speaks at large. Afterwards *Apollo* inventing another instrument called the cithera, gave the lyra to *Orpheus*. The muses, after the death of *Orpheus*, translated his harp into Heaven, where it became a constellation, and is placed between the knee and left arm of *Engonasis* or *Hercules*.

2 *Nova Zembla*, a miserable region in the frigid zone, where there is neither tree nor herb, but perpetual frost and snow, and where, for one half of the year, it is continual night.

3 *Lucan* in his third book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite epithet of *multifidi istri*. But *Ovid*, *Trist.* 2. *Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplicis istri*. And *Sidonius Apollinaris* gives it the same epithet, on the like occasion with this ode, when in his panegyric to *Majorianus Cæsar*, he tells him,

*Illicet aggredieris, quod nullus tempore nostro
Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis istri
Agmen in arma rapis——*

The ancient geographers differed very much on their account of the rise of this river; so that on a double account the same epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile.

4 *Belgia* need not only be strictly understood of the seven provinces, called Belgium *Fœderatum*, by the distinction made in the time of Philip II. but may also be interpreted with respect to that which was antiently called Belgium, comprehending the Lower Germany, in regard of the great consequences attending such a victory.

5 *Cannæ*, as inconsiderable a village as *Blenheim*,
'till in like manner made memorable and illustrious by
the great and entire victory which *Hannibal* obtained
there over the *Romans*.

6 *Pharsalia*, famous for the overthrow of Pompey by Julius Cæsar; a wonderful victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of Ramillies; for the design and end of the first was to enslave mankind, the manifest aim and event of the latter has been to set them at liberty.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Earl of GODOLPHIN,

Lord HIGH-TREASURER of GREAT-
BRITAIN:

PINDARIQUE ODE.

Quemvis media erue turba :
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor——
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præceps
Fertur——
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.

HOR. SAT. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils,
Ambition some excites ;
And some, desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites ;

Others,

Others, insatiate thirst of gain,
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air;
Pressing the doubtful voy'ge 'till INDIA'S shore
Her spicy bosom bears, and spreads her shining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can stop th' invader's force;
Nor swelling seas, nor threat'ning skies,
Prevent the pirate's course:
Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute,
Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:
But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their
hate.

III.

But not for these, his iv'ry lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus string,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode sing.
Thy springs, ¹ Castalia, turn'd their streams aside
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, shady ² Aonian, grow,
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe
Is thy supreme decree,
³ That impious men shall joyless hear
The muse's harmony!
Their sacred songs, (the recompence
Of virtue, and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raise,
And worthy deeds, at once excite and praise,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monstrous * Typhœus, thus, new terrors fill,
 He, who assail'd the skies,
 And now, beneath the burning hill
 Of dreadful Ætna lies.
 Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
 He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
 Sicilia trembles at his roar,
 Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore;
 While all his hundred mouths, at once expire
 Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire,

III.

From heav'n alone all good proceeds;
 To heav'nly minds belong
 All pow'r and love, GODOLPHIN, of good deeds,
 And sense of sacred song!
 And thus, most pleasing are the Muse's lays
 To them who merit most her praise;
 Wherefore, for thee, her iv'ry lyre she strings,
 And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether, affairs of most important weight
 Require thy aiding hand,
 And ANNA's cause and Europe's fate
 Thy serious thoughts demand;
 Whether, thy days and nights are spent
 In cares, on public good intent;
 Or, whether, leisure hours invite
 To manly sports, or to refin'd delight;
 In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
 Where gen'rous steeds contest, with emulation fir'd;

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
 As once she Theron sung,
 While with the deathless worthy's fame
 Olympian * Pisa rung:

Nor less sublime, 'is now her choice,
Nor less inspir'd by thee, her voice.
And now, she loves aloft to sound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd ;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd 7 horse to praise, and sing his rapid
flight.

III.

And see ! the 3 air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein ;
Faster they run, than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor passing, print the plain !
The winds themselves who with their swiftness
vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply ;
So far in matchless speed, thy coursers pass
Th' ætherial authors of their race.

I.

And now, a while, the well strain'd coursers breathe ;
And now, my Muse, prepare
Of 9 olive leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
10 Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive first design'd ;
Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
When all at once, the laden boughs advanc'd ;
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all with one consent, approv'd the beauteous
birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid ;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Against the sounding beach ; the stroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, swift as light
Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous
fight !

N n 2

Neptune,

Neptune, for human good the beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to *hear the*
reins.

III.

Thus gods contended, (noble strife !
Worthy the heav'nly mind)
Who most should do to soften anxious life,
And most endear mankind.
Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, dost with MARLBOROUGH
strive,
From whose joint toils we rest derive :
Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
Sweet peace at home thy care secures.



NOTES

NOTES to the foregoing ODE,

1 Commonly Castalius, but by Virg. Geor. 3. called Castalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to the muses.

2 *Aonia*, the hilly and woody part of Bæotia, believed to have been much frequented by the muses.

3 *That impious men shall joyless hear, &c.* This thought or opinion is borrowed from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he says—*But such men whom Jupiter hates are confounded with terror when they hear the sweet harmony of the muses.* This passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in favour of music and poetry. Mr. Cowley, in his notes on his Davideis, Book 1. on David's dispossessing Saul of the evil spirit, collects a great number of surprising citations on this subject.

4 *Typhæus*, one of the giants who attempted to storm Heaven; but Jupiter struck him with thunder, and laid him under the island of Sicily, with *Ætna* on his breast. This stanza is also copied from the same ode of Pindar, where this monster is said to have an hundred heads, as also in Olymp. 4.

5 *Theron*, a prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third Olympic.

6 *Pisa*, a town in Peloponnesus, near to which the Olympic games were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar—as singing sometimes the hero, sometimes the horse—*Pugilemve equumve dicit, &c.*

8 *Air-born*. Alluding to the notion that mares have conceived by the western wind, without the assistance of a horse. See Virg. Geo. 3. ver. 273. from whence Tasso has borrowed the birth of Raymond's horse, Gierusalem, Canto 7.

Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora

Raccoglie i semi del fecondo vento.

E de tepidi fiati (ò meraviglia!) &c.

Virg.

Virg. ————— illæ

*Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras: & sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.*

9 *Olive leaves.* An olive garland was the reward of victory in the Olympic games.

10 *Pallas, &c.* The fable on which this digression is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a contention who should give the name to Athens; and it was agreed, that which of them should confer the greatest benefit on mankind, should obtain the victory. The gods were assembled in judgment, and Pallas struck the earth with her spear, whence up sprung the fruitful olive-tree; then Neptune in his turn darted his trident against the earth, which opening was delivered of a horse; but the victory was adjudged to Pallas.

11 *To bear the reins.*—They who do not remember Virgil, may think this metaphor too bold. He has ventured to apply it even to the chariot rather than the horses, Georg. 1.

Pertur equis auriga, neq; audit currus habenas.



H O M E R's
H Y M N
TO
V E N U S.

TRANSLATED INTO
E N G L I S H V E R S E.

H O M E R

H M N



V E N U S

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

TO THE
 READER
 OF THE ENSUING
 HYMN.

OF the three greater hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions, both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to antient customs and history, which without a commentary could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determined me to acquiesce in the translation of this hymn; tho' I had once entertained thoughts of turning them all three into English verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleasure, I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the censures of some grammarians, who have denied, or at least, doubted them to be genuine.

A poem which is good in itself, cannot really lose any thing of its value, though it should appear, upon a strict enquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author; as him, to whom it was first imputed. But all truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least importance there is a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Though the beauties of this ensuing poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty name stand in need of their reputation; yet, if they are his, it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to any other; and it is a hardship to them to deprive them of the authority due to them, and to leave them to make their way through bad judgments, purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the enquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy from the beginning of it, the beginning of his own admirable poem.)

The hymn to Apollo has been supposed to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a famous * repeater of Homer's verses. To obviate which supposition, we only reply, that this very hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third book of his history, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score verses, Thucydides observes, that in those verses Homer has made mention of himself: hence, it is beyond question Thucydides believed, or rather was assured, it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within † four hundred years of Homer, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power and wisdom as our author. The learned Casaubon, in his comment on a

* After the decease of Homer, there were such persons who made a profession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descendants or successors (for they became a sect) the entire poems of Homer in after times, were collected and put in order. These were called Homeridæ, or Homeridæ; of whom see *Ælian*, Var. Hist. l. 13. c. 14. *Athenæ*, l. 1. §. 14. *Strabo* l. 14. *Plutarch* *Nem.* ode 2. *Cælius Rhodig.* l. 7. c. 29.

† Herodotus says of himself, in *Euterpe*, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucyd. was contemporary with Herodotus.

passage in the first book of § Strabo, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites as authority against him part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the afore-mentioned hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what country he was: in one of the verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself the * blind man of Rocky Chios. Casaubon's note is as follows: *In hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debemus ædeteriv contra auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.*

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the example of so learned a man as Casaubon to give credit to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate historian that ever wrote; or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and suggestions of scholiasts and grammarians, I leave to the determination of each impartial reader.

§ Strab. l. 1. p. 30.

The original says—*The blind man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall be in highest esteem to all posterity: which indeed only proves that he dwelt there, not that he was born there.*

H O M E R ' s H Y M N

T O

V E N U S .

SING, muse, the force, and all-informing fire
 Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire :
 Her charms, th' immortal minds of gods can move,
 And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
 The wilder herds and ravenous beasts of prey,
 Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
 Thro' pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
 She rules the feather'd kind and finny race ;
 Whole nature on her sole support depends,
 And far as life exists, her care extends.

Of all the num'rous host of gods above,
 But three are found inflexible to love.
 Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
 A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art ;
 In shining arms the martial maid delights,
 O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights ;
 With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
 And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd ;
 Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
 Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenciful
 shield ;

She first taught modest maids in early bloom
 To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next, the Paphian queen defies,
 Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies :

She

She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and chearful
horn,

Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the woodland
deer :

Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads ;
And sometimes, seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial pow'r averse to love
Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove ;
Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd ;
And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd ;
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
A virgin-life inviolate to lead ;
She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head.
But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd. }
High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice :
For holy rites to Vesta first are paid, }
And on her altar first-fruit off'rings laid ;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

These are the pow'rs above, and only these,
Whom love and Cytherea's arts displease :
Of other beings, none in earth or skies
Her force resists, or influence denies.
With ease, her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind :
Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns superior sway ;
Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
He oft' descends, his creatures to adore ;
While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-dissembled shape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
And beauty, first among th' Ætherial race ;
Whom, all transcending in superior worth,
Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth ;

And

And Jove, by never-erring council sway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Joye at length with just resentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.
Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breast, desire of mortal man ;
That she, like other deities might prove
The pains and pleasures of inferior love ;
And not insultingly the gods deride,
Whose sons were human by the mother's side :
Thus, Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,
And bring forth mortal off-spring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchises fed :
Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen.
To Cyprus, strait the wounded goddess flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
And altars smoke with daily sacrifice. }
Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the shining gates she barr'd.
The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair ;
Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
And all adown, ambrosial odour sheds.
Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold.
And thus attir'd her chariot she ascends,
And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat
Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat :
And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood.
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves and bears their eyes unite,
And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For ev'ry glance she gives, soft fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all sing'e out their mates,
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Mean time the tent she spies so much desir'd,
 Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;
 Withdrawn from all his friends, and fellow-swains,
 Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains:
 In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
 Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
 Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
 In form and dress, a huntress of the wood:
 For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpriz'd.
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
 To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd.
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd;
 Her hair in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
 In ringlets sell, or was with jewels held;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast:
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
 A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain.
 At length he spake—All hail celestial fair!
 Who humbly dost to visit earth repair:
 Who-e'er thou art, descended from above,
 Latona, Cynthia, or the queen of love,
 All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid;
 Or art thou * Themis? or the † blue-ey'd maid?
 Or, art thou fairest of the graces three,
 Who with the gods share immortality?
 Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?
 Who-e'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,
 I, to thy honour will an altar build,
 Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare;
 O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r.
 Grant me, among the Trojan race, to prove
 A patriot worthy of my country's love;
 Bless'd in myself, I beg, I next may be
 Bless'd in my children and posterity:

* Themis, the goddess of Equity and Right.

† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done.

He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd :
Delight of human-kind, thy sex's pride !
Honour'd Anchises, you behold in me
No goddess blest'd with immortality ;
But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
And all her towns and fortresses commands.
When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there, your language taught ;
Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.
In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold ;
Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.
As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
I, and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
Lo ! hov'ring o'er my head I saw the god
Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod :
Sudden he seiz'd, then, bore me from their fight,
Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.
O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
O'er hills and vallies, and o'er desarts waste ;
O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.
Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
We stopt not once the face of earth to touch.
Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled
That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
And with illustrious offspring blest his bed. }
This said, and pointing to me your abode,
To Heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god.
Thus, of necessity, to you I come,
Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
By your good parents ; (for no bad could e'er
Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair :)
That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart ;

Invio-

Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,
 Let me be to your house and mother led.
 Me to your father and your brothers show,
 And our alliance first let them allow :
 Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
 And no unequal match I may be found.
 Equality to them my birth may claim,
 Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
 Tho' for your wife, of too inferior fame. }
 Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste
 To tell my father of my fortunes pass'd,
 And ease my mother in that anxious state,
 Of doubts and fears, which, cares for me create,
 They in return shall presents bring from thence
 Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense :
 You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
 In price and beauty far above the rest.
 This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
 Grateful to men below, and gods above.
 She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
 Which to his heart insinuate desires.
 Resistless love invading thus his breast,
 The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.

Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
 And Otreus you report your father's name,
 And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
 To execute the dread commands of Jove,
 Your wond'rous beauties hither has convey'd,
 A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead :
 Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
 One minute to defer the happy hour,
 This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
 Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms :
 Tho' Phoebus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
 Stood ready to transfix my panting heart :
 Tho' death, tho' Hell, in consequence attend,
 Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand ;
 The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand :
 But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
 Where soft and filken coverlets were spread,

And over all, a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil;
And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace, first, he laid aside;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair unty'd:
And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waste;
Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown,
Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The queen of love, the youth thus disarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
Anchises now (so Jove and fate ordain'd)
The sweet extreme of extasy attain'd;
And mortal he, was like th' immortals blest'd,
Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But, when the swains their flocks and herds had
fed,
And from the flow'ry field returning, led
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed;
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
The wary goddess her Anchises bound:
Then gently rising from his side and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herself appears:
Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
Confess'd the goddess, love's and beauty's queen.

Then, thus, aloud she calls. Achises, wake;
Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake:
Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
Behold me well—say, if I seem the same.

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And starting from his bed, Anchises woke:

But

But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
 Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
 Aw'd, and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
 Attempting, with his robe, his face to hide.
 Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
 In winged words, he thus the queen address'd.

When first, O goddess, I thy form beheld,
 Whose charms so far humanity excell'd;
 To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
 And with humility implor'd thy aid:
 But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
 Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
 But now, I beg thee by the filial love
 Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
 Compassion on my human state to show;
 Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
 Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
 Nor let me share of men the common fate:
 Since never man with length of days was blest,
 Who in delights of love a deity possess'd.

To him, Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd;
 Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
 Nor me, nor other god, thou needst to fear,
 For thou, to all the heav'nly race art dear.
 Know, from our loves, thou shalt a son obtain,
 Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
 From whom, a race of monarchs shall descend,
 And whose posterity shall know no end.
 To him thou shalt the name * Æneas give,
 As one, for whose conception I must grieve,
 Oft' as I think, he to exist began
 From my conjunction with a mortal man.

But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
 To a superior race of men gives birth:
 Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
 And next resembling gods in form and mind.

* Æneas, signifying one who causeth grief. By this passage, it should seem as if the etymologists had erred, who, as he was the hero of Virgil's Epic Poem, have derived his name from *αἰνῶ*, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be derived from *αἰνῶ* grief, or *αἰνῶ* to affect with grief.

From thence, great Jove to azure skies convey'd
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
The youth enjoys a bless'd eternity.
In bowls of gold, he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where the boy was born:
'Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
Dispatch'd * Argicides to his relief;
And more with gifts to pacify his mind,
He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
Whose feet outstript in speed the rapid wind.
Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state;
Where, all his hours are past in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death destroy.
Now, when this embassy the king receives,
No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
(Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
Resembling gods in face and form divine)
For him she strait the thunderer address'd,
That with perpetual life he might be bless'd:
Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
But ah! how rash was she, how indifereet!
The most material blessing to omit;
Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
That length of days might be with strength supply'd;
And to her lover's endless life, engage
An endless youth, incapable of age,
But hear what fate beset this heav'nly fair,
In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air.
Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
Is by Aurora with delight caress'd;
Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides;

* The slayer of Argus. Mercury so called, from having slain Argus.

But,

But, when she saw grey hairs begin to spread,
 Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
 Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
 And food ambrosial, and rich cloaths bestow'd:
 But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
 Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,
 Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft*.
 On terms like these, I never can desire
 Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.

Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
 Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
 Couldst thou for ever *thus* my husband prove,
 I might live happy in thy endless love;
 Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
 When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
 But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
 Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
 Inexorable age! whose wretched state
 All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

Now, know, I also must my portion share,
 And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.
 For I, who heretofore in chains of love,
 Could captivate the minds of gods above,
 And force 'em, by my all-subduing charms,
 To sigh and languish in a woman's arms:
 Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 Nor tax with weakness the celestial host;
 Since I myself, this dear amends have made,
 And am at last by my own arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
 This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd;
 Whom hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
 Till time his being and my shame reveal.

Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods adorn
 In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born:

* Tithonus was feigned, at length, to have been turned into a grass-hopper

They nor of mortal nor immortal seed
 Are said to spring, yet on Ambrosia feed,
 And * long they live; and oft' in chorus join
 With gods and goddesses in dance divine.
 These the † Sileni court; these Hermes loves,
 And their embraces seeks in shady groves.
 Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 From common parent earth's prolific juice:
 With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 Or ample-spreading oaks, at once they grow;
 All have their trees allotted to their care,
 Whose growth, duration and decrease they share.
 But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 And therefore, by the ax are never fell'd.
 But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;
 The bark to crack and perish, next is seen,
 And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green:
 And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees;
 And live and die coeval with their trees.

* Of wood-nymphs there were the Dryades, and the Hamadryades; the Dryades presided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long lived. Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the complete life of a man at ninety-six years: a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees. Therefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades, by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees. The scholiast, upon a passage mentioning these nymphs in Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2. relates the following story cited from Charon Lampiscenus. A young man called Ræcus observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth, ordered it to be supported, and took such effectual care that he re-established it again to flourish in its place. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleased. The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, which she as readily promised; and according to agreement, sent a bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy; but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him; this reception of her ambassador so enraged the nymph, that in revenge she rendered him impotent. This story is also cited in part by Nat. Com. See Ovid. Metam. l. 8. of the fate of Erichthon, for cutting down one of these animated trees.

† The Satyrs, when they were in years, were called Sileni, as Pausanias reports in Attic. p. 41.

These

These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son;
 And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,
 To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.

More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 I will again to visit thee descend,
 Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
 Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight;
 Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
 There, if enquiry shall be made, to know
 To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe;
 Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
 But ready answer make as I direct.
 Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 And Calycopis call his mother's name.
 For shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
 That thou in bliss hadst Cytherea known,
 Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
 And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
 Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of Heav'n.

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.

All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee first I praise;
 Then, to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

F I N I S.

[illegible]

A P P E N D I X.

CONTAINING

T H E L I F E O F M R. C O N G R E V E.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq; was descended from the ancient family of the Congreves, of Congreve in Staffordshire, his father being second son to Richard Congreve, of that place.—Some Authors, and in particular Sir James Ware, contend for his having been born in Ireland; but as Jacob, who was particularly acquainted with him, and who in his Preface acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Congreve for his communication of what related to himself, has absolutely contradicted that report, I shall on his authority, which I consider to be the same as Mr. Congreve's own, fix the spot of his nativity at a place called Bardfa, not far from Leeds in Yorkshire, being part of the estate of Sir John Lewis, his great-uncle by his mother's side.—It is certain, however, that he went over to that kingdom very young—for his father being only a younger brother, and provided for in the army by a commission on the Irish establish-

ment, was compelled to undertake a journey thither in consequence of his command; which he afterwards parted with, to accept of the management of a considerable estate belonging to the Burlington family, which fixed his residence there. However, though he suffered this son to receive his first tincture of letters in the great school at Kilkenny, and afterwards to compleat his classical learning under the direction of Dr. Ash, in the University of Dublin; yet, being desirous that his studies should be directed to profit as well as improvement, he sent him over to England soon after the Revolution, and placed him as a student in the Temple. The dry, plodding study of the law, however, was by no means suitable to the sprightly volatile genius of Mr. Congreve; and therefore, though he did not want application in those studies to which his genius led him, yet he did not even attempt to make any proficiency in a service which he was probably conscious he should make no figure in. Excellence and perfection were what, it is apparent, he laid it down as his principle, from the very first, to make it his aim the acquiring; for in the very earliest exertion of his genius, and a very early one indeed it was, viz. his Novel, called *Love and Duty reconciled*, written when he was not above seventeen years of age, he had not only endeavoured at, but indeed succeeded in, the presenting to the world, not a meer Novel according to the taste and fashion then prevailing, but a piece which should point out, and be in itself a model of, what Novels ought to be. And though this cannot itself be called with propriety a dramatic work, yet he has so strictly adhered to dramatic rules in the composition of it, that his arriving at so great a degree of perfection in the regular Drama, in so short a time afterwards, is hardly to be wondered at—His first

first play was the *Old Bachelor*, and was the amusement of some leisure hours during a slow recovery from a fit of illness, soon after his return to England, and was in itself so perfect, that Mr. Dryden, on its being shewn to him, declared he had never in his life seen such a first play; and that great poet having, in conjunction with Mr. Southerne and Arthur Manners, Esq; given it a slight revival, Dr. Davenant, who was the Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, and was delighted both with the piece and its Author, brought it on the stage in 1693, where it met with such universal approbation, that Mr. Congreve, tho' he was but nineteen years of age at the time of his writing it, became now considered as a prop to the declining stage, and a rising genius in dramatic poetry.

THE next year he produced the *Double Dealer*, which, for what reason however I know not, did not meet with so much success as the former. The merit of his first play, however, had obtained him the favour and patronage of Lord Halifax, and some peculiar marks of distinction from Queen Mary, on whose death, which happened in the close of this year, he wrote a very elegant Elegiac Pastoral.

IN 1695, when Betterton opened the new house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Mr. Congreve joining with him, gave him his Comedy of *Love for Love*; with which the company opened their campaign, and which met with such success, that they immediately offered the Author a share in the management of the house, on condition of his furnishing them with one Play yearly. This offer he accepted of; but whether through indolence, or that correctness

which he looked on as necessary to his Works, his *Mourning Bride* did not come out till 1697, nor his *Way of the World* till two years after that. The indifferent success this last-mentioned Play, though an exceeding good one, met from the public, completed that disgust to the Theatre, which a long contest with Jeremy Collier, who had attacked the immoralities of the English stage, and more especially some of his pieces, had begun; and he determined never more to write for the stage—This resolution he punctually kept, and Mr. Dennis's observation on that point will, I am afraid, be found but too true, when he said, "that Mr. Congreve quitted the stage early, and that "Comedy left it with him."—Yet, though he quitted dramatic writing, he did not lay down the pen entirely; but occasionally wrote many little pieces both in prose and verse, all of which stand on the records of literary Fame.

It is very possible, however, that he might not so soon have given way to this disgust, had not the easiness of his circumstances rendered any subservience to the opinions and caprice of the Town absolutely unnecessary to him. For his abilities having very early in life raised him to the acquaintance of the Earl of Halifax, who was then the Mæcenas of the age, that nobleman, desirous of raising so promising a genius above the necessity of too hasty productions, made him one of the commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, or, according to Coxeter, a commissioner of the Wine Licence. He soon after bestowed on him a place in the Pipe-office; and not long after that, gave him a post in the Customs, worth six hundred pounds per annum.

IN

IN the year 1718, he was appointed Secretary of Jamaica, so that, with all together, his income towards the latter part of his life was upwards of twelve hundred pounds a year. Thus raised above dependence, it is no wonder he would no longer render himself subject to the capricious censures of impotent Critics. And had his poetical father, Mr. Dryden, ever been raised to the same circumstances, it is probable that his *All for Love* would not now have been esteemed the best of his dramatic pieces, nor would he have been compelled for a bare livelihood to the drudgery of producing four Plays in a space of time scarce more than sufficient for forming the Plot of one.

BUT to return to Congreve.—The greatest part of the last twenty years of his life was spent in ease and retirement, and he either did not, or affected not to give himself any trouble about reputation.—Yet some part of that conduct might proceed from a degree of pride. T. Cibber, in his *Lives of the Poets*, vol. iv. p. 93. relates an anecdote of him, which I cannot properly omit here: “When the celebrated Voltaire, says he, “was in England, he waited upon Congreve, and “passed him some compliments as to the reputation and “merit of his Works—Congreve thanked him, but at “the same time told that ingenious foreigner, *he did not “chuse to be considered as an Author, but only as a private “Gentleman, and in that light expected to be visited.—* “Voltaire answered, *That if he had never been any thing “but a private Gentleman, in all probability he had never “been troubled with that visit.—* And observes in his own “account of the transaction, that he was not a little “disgusted with so unseasonable a piece of vanity.”

TOWARDS

TOWARDS the close of his life he was much afflicted with the gout; and making a tour to Bath, for the benefit of the waters, was unfortunately overturned in his chariot, by which it is supposed he got some inward bruise, as he ever after complained of a pain in his side; and on his return to London, continued gradually declining in his health, till the 19th of January, 1749, when he died, aged 57, at his house in Surry-street, in the Strand, and on the 26th following was buried in Westminster-abbey, the pall being supported by persons of the first distinction.

His dramatic Pieces are seven in number, and their titles as follow :

1. *Old Bachelor.* C.
2. *Double Dealer.* C.
3. *Love for Love.* C.
4. *Mourning Bride.* T.
5. *Way of the World.* C.
6. *Judgment of PARIS.* Masq.
7. *SEMBLE.* Oratorio.



CON-

C O N T E N T S

O F

MR. CONGREVE'S WORKS.

VOL. I.

D	EDICATION of the Old Bachelor	Page
	To Mr. Congreve	i
	To Mr. Congreve	ii
	To Mr. Congreve, on his Play called the Old Bachelor	iii
	Prologue, intended for the Old Bachelor, by the Lord Falkland	iv
	Prologue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle	v
	The Old Bachelor	7
	Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Barry	83
	Dedication of the Double Dealer	ib.
	To Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy called the Double Dealer	87
	Prologue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle	89
	The Double Dealer	91
	Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Mountford	170
	Dedication of Love for Love	171
	Prologue, spoken at the Opening of the New House, by Mr. Betterton	173
	Love for Love	175
	Epilogue	

<u>Epilogue, spoken at the Opening of the New</u>	
House, by Mrs. Bracegirdle	273
Dedication of the Mourning Bride	275
Prologue. Spoken by Mr. Betterton	277
The Mourning Bride.	279
Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle	340



Page	
iii	Epilogue, spoken at the Opening of the New House, by Mrs. Bracegirdle
iv	Dedication of the Mourning Bride
v	Prologue. Spoken by Mr. Betterton
vi	The Mourning Bride.
vii	Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle
viii	Prologue, intended for the Old Bachelor, by the Lord Falkland
ix	Prologue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle
x	The Old Bachelor
xi	Prologue. Spoken by Mrs. Barry
xii	Dedication of the Double Dealer
xiii	To Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy called the Double Dealer
xiv	Prologue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle
xv	The Double Dealer
xvi	Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Mountford
xvii	Dedication of Love for Love
xviii	Prologue, spoken at the Opening of the New House, by Mr. Betterton
xix	Love for Love
xx	Epilogue

C O N T E N T S

O F

MR. CONGREVE'S WORKS.

VOL. II.

TO Mr. Congreve, occasioned by his Comedy
called The Way of the World.

Dedication of the Way of the World	1
Prologue. Spoken by Mr. Betterton	5
The Way of the World	7
Epilogue. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle	92
The Judgment of Paris. A Masque	95
Argument to the Opera of Semele	103
Semele	106
Epistle to the Right Hon. Charles Lord Halifax	135
The Mourning Muse of Alexis. A Pastoral.	
Lamenting the Death of Queen Mary	137
To the King, on the taking of Namure. Irregular Ode	145
The Birth of the Muse. To the Right Hon. Charles Lord Halifax	148
On Mrs. Arabella Hunt's fingering. Irregular Ode	155
Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles for the Body of his Son Hector. From the Greek of Homer	158

VOL. II.

R r

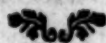
The

The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, over the dead Body of Hector, from the Greek of Homer	161
Paraphrase upon Horace. Ode xix. Lib. i.	167
Stanzas in Imitation of Horace. Lib. ii. Ode xiv.	168
In Imitation of Horace. Ode ix. Lib. i.	170
Song	172
The Reconciliation	173
Absence	174
Song	ib.
Song in Dialogue for two Women	ib.
Song	175
The Petition	176
Song	ib.
Song	177
Occasioned on a Lady's having writ Verses in Commendation of a Poem, which was written in Praise of another Lady	ib.
Epigram, on Mrs. Arabella Hunt	178
Song	ib.
A Hymn to Harmony, in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day	179
Verses to the Memory of Grace Lady Gethin	183
Epitaph upon Robert Huntington, of Stanton Harcourt, Esq; and his Son	185
To Mr. Dryden, on his Translation of Persius	186
The Eleventh Satire of Juvenal	188
Explanatory Notes on the foregoing Satire	198
Prologue to Queen Mary upon her Majesty's see- ing the Old Bachelor	203
Epilogue, at the Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket	204
Prologue to Pyrrhus, King of Epirus	205
Epilogue to Oroonoko	206
Prologue	



C O N T E N T S. 311

Prologue to the Husband his own Cuckold. A Comedy by Mr. J. Dryden, jun.	207
Prologue to the Court, on the Queen's Birth- day, 1704	209
The Tears of Amaryllis for Amintas. A Pasto- ral. Lamenting the Death of the late Lord Marquis of Blandford	211
To Cynthia, weeping and not speaking. Elegy	216
Amoret	218
Lesbia	ib.
Doris	219
To Sleep. Elegy	221
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, occasioned by L—y—s Picture	223
To a Candle. Elegy	225
Ovid's Third Book of the Art of Love. Translated	226
Notes upon the foregoing Translation	249
Of Pleasing. An Epistle to Sir Richard Steele	256
A Pindarique Ode, humbly offered to the Queen on the victorious Progress of her Majesty's Arms	262
A Discourse on the Pindarique Ode	263
Ode	269
Notes on the foregoing Ode	274
To the Right Hon. the Earl of Godolphin. Pin- darique Ode	276
Notes to the foregoing Ode	281
To the Reader of Homer's Hymn to Venus	285
Homer's Hymn to Venus. Translated from the Greek	288



C O N T E N T S.

251	Prologue to the Husband his own Cuckold. A
207	Comedy by Mr. J. Dryden, Jun.
209	Prologue to the Court on the Queen's Birth-day, 1704
211	The Tears of Amaryllis for Amintas. A Pastoral
212	Tral. Lamenting the Death of the late Lord
217	Madrigal of Blandford
218	To Cynthia weeping and not speaking. Elegy
218	Amoret
218	Leilia
218	Dois
221	To Sleep. Elegy
223	To Sir Geoffrey Kneller, occasioned by his Picture
225	To a Candle. Elegy
226	Ovid's Third Book of the Art of Love. Translated
229	Notes upon the foregoing Translation
230	Of Pleasing. An Epitaph on Richard Steele
231	A Panegyric Ode, written to the Queen on the victorious Issue of her Majesty's Arms
232	A Dialogue on the Praise of the Ode
233	Ode
234	Notes on the foregoing Ode
236	To the Right Hon. the Earl of Godolphin. Elegy
237	Change Ode
238	Notes to the foregoing Ode
239	To the Reader of Homer's Iliad to Venus
240	Homer's Iliad to Venus. Translated from the Greek

